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Main St., Dixon, Ill.

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

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—AND—

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Hearse Furnished Without Charge

Special attention given to embalming having had practical experience in this line. I guarantee satisfaction.

Repairing and Upholstering

of all kinds done on short notice.

PRICES LOW.

Call and Examine Stock.

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Successor to CHAS. DEMENT,

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ELEGANT RIGS and stylish horses. Carriages furnished on short notice for all occasions.

A GOOD HEARSE

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Terms Reasonable

Thos. Dolan & Son

TAILORS.

We keep constantly on hand a full line of

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

Which we will make up at reasonable prices to suit the times.

General Satisfaction Guaranteed

Give Us A Call.

At the Old Stand, opposite Opera House, Galena Street, Dixon Ill.

[418m3]

REMOVED.

Spencer & Harden

Have removed their stock to the room formerly occupied by L. H. Burd.

Where we would be pleased to see all our old customers as many new ones as feel disposed to call.

Telephone No. 70.

Dimick's Block, Next to Eberhart & Co.

ATTENTION

Having sold my stock of groceries to Wm. H. DeGrasse, of Milwaukee, it will be to the interests of all my customers and as many others as see fit to call on the new firm.

All persons indebted to me will please call and square accounts.

John E. Moyer.

TAILORING,

Cleaning and Repairing.

Wm. BOAGER has opened a tailoring shop on Hennepin street, east side, opposite Dimick's brick block. He invites patronage and hopes to please all.

THE EUREKA FURNACES

Are self-feeding, thus requiring the least possible amount of attention; carrying fire with certainty, and securing perfect uniformity of temperature. They do this with the cheapest grades (unscreened run and screenings) of soft coal, without soot, smoke or odor in the house, and easily pay for themselves by saving in coal bills. Sold on a guarantee! Write to or call upon McCOMB & ARNOLD, Gen'l Ag'ts, 16 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

HIS RESTING PLACE.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, FINALLY DECIDED UPON

As the Place Where Gen. Grant Will Be Entombed—Funeral Arrangements.

One of the General's Notes to Dr. Douglass—His Work Done and Ready to Go to His Rest—Further Expressions of Sympathy—Public Meetings.

Mr. Mcgregor, N. Y., July 25.—The following message, received by Mr. Turner, Mayor Grace's chief clerk, late Friday afternoon, settled that the place of burial shall be Central park:

Your telegram at hand, and I understand the matter to be now definitely settled that Gen. Grant's body is to be interred here. We cannot take any more definite action in regard to the matter of Mrs. Grant until a later date. The faith of the president of the board of aldermen and my own is pledged that we will see that the wishes of the family are gratified by formal resolution of the board.

[Signed.] W. R. GRACE. Upon the receipt of Mayor Grace's assurance that Mrs. Grant would be laid beside the general, the family authorized Mr. Turner to telegraph the mayor accepting the city's request that Gen. Grant should be interred in Central park.

The following schedule of arrangements was then agreed upon: The body will be taken from Mt. McGregor at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Aug. 4, arriving at Albany at 4:30 p. m. It will lie in state in the capitol until the next day at 1 o'clock, when it will be taken to New York, arriving there at 4:30 p. m., Aug. 5. It will lie in state in the city hall from that time until Saturday, Aug. 8, when the public funeral will take place, with such obsequies as may be arranged by the authorities. The interment in Central park will then occur.

More than 300 Grand Army post representatives are expected here soon from all parts of the country. Tents are in readiness on the mountain for their accommodation.

THE GENERAL'S FACE Under the influence of the embalming fluid has lost the deep furrows and wrinkles caused by disease and suffering. The expression is calm and peaceful. The case containing the body is surmounted by a beautiful wreath of oak leaves which little Julia Grant, the colonel's daughter, and Dr. Douglas' little daughter brought in from the woods and begged might be so placed. The body will not be placed in a casket until Monday, when near friends of the family will be permitted to view the face.

Mr. Drexel has decided that the cottage in which Gen. Grant died shall never be occupied as a dwelling again. He intends to present it to the state or national government as a memento, together with the furniture as it stands now.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY. Mrs. Grant has received the following from the British minister at Washington: "Her majesty the queen requests me to convey to yourself and family her sincere condolence on the death of Gen. Grant."

"NOTHING MORE TO DO."

Dr. Douglas has given to a reporter some interesting reminiscences of Gen. Grant's illness. Among other things he said that about a week ago, when he noted a somewhat less obstinate condition of the throat, perhaps due to the increased inroads of the disease, the general wrote upon a piece of paper the following message to the doctor:

"I feel sorrow at the prospect of living through the summer and fall in the condition that I am in. I do not think I can, but I may. Except that I do not gather strength. I feel quite as well from day to day as I have heretofore. But I am losing strength. I feel it more in the inability to move around than in any other way; or rather, in the lack of desire to try to move. The disease must be fatal in the end. My life is precious, of course, to my family, and would be to me if I could recover entirely. There never was one more willing to go than I. I first wanted so many days to work on my book so the authority would be clearly mine. It was graciously granted to me after being apparently much lower than since, and with it, a capacity to do more work than I ever did in the same time. My work has been done so hastily that much was left out, and I did it all over from the crossing of the James river in 1864 to Appomattox in 1865. Since then I have added as much as fifty pages to the book. There is nothing more to do, and, therefore, I am not likely to be more ready to go than at this moment."

SHERMAN AND LOGAN. Gen. Sherman has telegraphed from Lake Minnetonka, Minn., that he will start at once for New York. He will there receive a request for his immediate presence here. Gen. John A. Logan will also come here to accompany Gen. Grant's body to New York. The last time Gen. Grant signed his name was a few days before his death, when he put it on the back of a check for \$1,000, which he had received from The Century Publishing company. Everything was quiet about the cottage Friday evening. The ladies of the family remained almost continuously in their rooms during the day. Among the numerous telegrams received was the following from the PRINCE OF WALES:

Accept our deepest sympathy in the loss of your distinguished husband. We always look back with gratification at having had the advantage of knowing him personally.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. Ex-President Arthur also telegraphed his condolence.

FUNERAL SERVICES will be held on the porch of the cottage at 11 a. m. on Aug. 4, Rev. Dr. Newman officiating. The body will then be taken by train to Saratoga. The train stops at Saratoga only half an hour, reaching

Albany at 4:30. Gen. Carr as commander of the Third division of the G. A. R., and Governor Hill and the state officials, will escort the body to the capitol. The Loyal Legion accompanies the body from Saratoga in addition to the official guard furnished by Gen. Hancock.

All persons were kept away from the cottage by the Wheeler Post guard except those who had business with Col. Grant. The general's face looks as though he had just fallen asleep. A United States flag is thrown over the coffin.

ABROAD IN THE LAND.

Preparations for the Funeral—A National Monument—Meetings to Express Sympathy—Notes.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The mayor was authorized by the aldermen Friday to appoint a committee of 100 citizens to go to Albany and accompany Gen. Grant's remains to New York.

A special committee of five aldermen was appointed to perfect arrangements for the funeral.

The governor's room in the city hall is being properly draped for the lying in state of the body. Mayor Grace has opened a subscription fund for the erection of

A NATIONAL MONUMENT

to Gen. Grant. Circulars have been forwarded to prominent citizens, asking them to attend a meeting at the mayor's office on Tuesday. The mayor's committee on the monument includes the names of S. J. Tilden, C. A. Arthur, A. B. Cornell, W. M. Everts, Oswald Ottendorfer, George Jones, T. L. James, Edward Cooper, Smith Ely, Roscoe Conkling, Noah Davis, Eugene Kelly, Whitelaw Reid, J. J. Astor, Gen. McClellan, Fordyce Barker, C. Vanderbilt, Jesse Seligman, J. W. Drexel, Pierre Lorillard, Joseph Pulitzer, David Dow, and many other equally prominent men.

The work of decorating buildings with emblems of mourning proceeded rapidly Friday, and a store or dwelling that does not exhibit some token of respect for the dead hero is now the exception. Even in the tenement districts the decorations, though simple, are general. Passers-by on Sixty-sixth street, note that the Grant residence has no crane on the door-bell, and bears no badge of mourning.

SAD NEWS FOR A SISTER.

Gen. Grant's sister, Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, accompanied by her husband, Dr. M. J. Cramer, recently United States minister resident at Switzerland, and Jesse Grant, his son, arrived Friday on the steamer Wieland from Hamburg. When the pilot went on board Mrs. Cramer asked: "How is my brother, Gen. Grant?" The pilot had been at sea for some days, and answered: "He is quite sick at Mt. McGregor, in this state." The lady's fears were allayed, but on her arrival at quarantine Health Officer Smith boarded the vessel, and in answer to a repetition of the above question, informed Mrs. Cramer as quietly as he could of the death of Gen. Grant the day before. A revenue cutter landed the Cramer family at Jersey City, and they then proceeded at once to Mt. McGregor.

Governor Oglesby's Proclamation.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 25.—Governor Oglesby issued the following proclamation Friday afternoon:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 24, 1885.—The great hero is dead. When it was announced yesterday morning throughout the land "Gen. Grant is dead" a thrill of sorrow ran through the soul of universal manhood. Everywhere the expected and solemn announcement produced a shock. The patriotic chord in every heart was touched, and all men, everywhere, were stilled into silence. Among the living no enemy was found; tributes of respect fell from every tongue, and every heart was moved to the utterance of many sentiments or expressions of the deepest love. It is ever so when the truly great perish from the earth; but nowhere was there more intense feeling, deeper sorrow, or more universal grief than in the state of Illinois, the home of his matured manhood, more fortunate than his sister states—the one in which circumstances, woven by the unseen hand of time, were gathering about the unknown and obscure citizen, to lead at last to such developments as to reveal the great character sleeping in that great soul which needed only the touch of opportunity to burst from its natural depths and bless and enlighten the world. He went to the field at the head of one of her regiments. He returned to his quiet home in Galena for the command of all the armies of the republic. For the preservation of the Union and the republic his sword was drawn, and at the end sheathed, in Illinois, and where in our blessed and united land could his mortal remains more suitably and becomingly rest than in the bosom of her consecrated and hospitable soil!

1. As a testimonial of regard for his distinguished character and great service I request that the flags, as at present remain at half-mast on all public buildings, as upon the capitol of the state, and all draping and other evidences of mourning remain until the close of the solemn burial services.

2. I also request that delegations be appointed by the Grand Army of the Republic and other military and civic organizations to represent their respective bodies at the funeral.

3. That in all communities where practicable memorial services be held on the day and at the time of his burial.

4. The adjutant-general is directed to issue the necessary orders for the proper observance of the day by the various military organizations throughout the state.

RICHARD K. OGLESBY.

By order of the governor, HENRY D. DEMENT, Secretary of State.

At the National Capital.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25.—The draping of the public buildings in honor of Gen. Grant has been completed. There is no authority for making expenditures for this purpose, but it is expected that congress will make the necessary appropriations. The White House and department buildings are profusely draped.

The following has been received by the sergeant-at-arms of the senate.

OAKLAND, HOUSE, ST. CLAIR SPRINGS, Mich., July 25.—It is proper that the senate of the United States shall participate with the other departments of the government and with the people in doing honor to the

memory of Gen. Grant. I therefore designate the following senators to represent that body in connection with the funeral ceremonies: Justin Morrill, John Sherman, John A. Logan, J. Donald Cameron, Wade Hampton, W. M. Ramsom, Joseph E. Brown, J. G. Harris, and John F. Miller of California. You will notify them immediately, and you are requested to officially accompany them.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Vice President.

There is much disappointment at the decision to bury the general at New York. Everybody thinks his resting place should have had a national character, which Central park has not. A dispatch from Springfield, Mass., says The Republican of that city also deprecates the decision on the same ground.

The House Grant Was Born in.

POINT PLEASANT, Ohio, July 25.—Michael Harsch, owner of the old house where Gen. Grant was born, has three propositions for the purchase of the building, one of which is from a committee of gentlemen living in this (Clermont) county who wish the house to be kept where it is, and another from the Union club of Philadelphia, who, if successful, will have it removed to Philadelphia to be permanently located in Fairmount park. It is a single story house and could easily be transported on cars. Last fall its present owner repaired the building to some extent, but the framework and foundation are just as they were sixty-three years ago. The third proposition is from a Cincinnati gentleman, who will, if he succeeds in purchasing the building, have it removed to Elm park, Cincinnati.

A special messenger was sent from here to bear the sad news to the venerable uncle of the deceased, Mr. Samuel Simpson, who is the only one left on his mother's side, and is now in his 90th year. He resides near Bantam, in this county.

Illinois Grand Army.

QUINCY, Ill., July 25.—Col. W. W. Berry, department commander for Illinois of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued a general order to the comrades of the state concerning the observances of the memory of Gen. Grant. After eulogizing the great soldier's career, in which he says "It was the state of Illinois that first accredited this great leader to the authorities of the union," Col. Berry concludes the order as follows:

Each post, therefore, of this department of the Grand Army of the Republic will, in a body, unite with their fellow-citizens in their respective localities in a memorial service on the day of the funeral, and further, will delegate one or more of its members to escort the remains of our comrade to its last resting-place.

Brooklyn Aldermen Meet.

BROOKLYN, July 25.—At a special meeting of the board of aldermen Friday evening, eulogistic resolutions of sympathy and condolence on the death of Gen. Grant were passed. A committee was appointed to co-operate with the New York authorities in conducting the obsequies.

A monster meeting, commemorative of Gen. U. S. Grant, will be held by the citizens of Brooklyn in the plaza in front of Prospect park at 7 o'clock Sunday evening. Corporal Tanner will be the presiding officer, and addresses will be delivered by Revs. Justin D. Fulton, Henry Ward Beecher and others. Veterans of the war will be present, and it is expected that it will be the largest out-door gathering ever seen in Brooklyn.

Indignation in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 25.—Great indignation is felt throughout the city over a speech made in the Georgia state legislature Thursday against Gen. Grant, by Representative Harrison. In the state papers free comment is made on Harrison's action. Members of the cotton, produce and stock exchanges are loud in their denunciation of Harrison. The Evening Capital says editorially: "Nothing but good should be spoken of the honored dead. When shadows of death and sorrow of bereavement come as an end of a long ordeal and a purification of pain and suffering, it is a poor spirit of inhumanity to recall errors of the departed. The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

Action at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Meetings were held in this city Friday by the bar, the soldiers and sailors, the Union League club, the Loyal Legion, the county board and other organizations, to take action regarding Gen. Grant's death. At all of the meetings resolutions expressive of the deep grief of the citizens at the event were passed.

State street and the other business streets are sombre with mourning decorations, the national, city and county buildings are draped and many private residences show similar decorations.

At Saratoga.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 25.—A large meeting was held Friday night to take action in regard to Gen. Grant's death. Resolutions of sympathy with the family were adopted; also a resolution requesting that the body lie in state one day here to allow the visitors from all parts of the Union to take a last look at the great hero's face. Judge Hilton presided, and among the vice presidents were William H. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage and sixty-three other well-known gentlemen.

Ex-President Hayes.

CINCINNATI, July 25.—The Ohio commandery of the Loyal Legion Friday night adopted resolutions on the death of Gen. Grant, and authorized its commander, ex-President Hayes, to appoint a delegation to be headed by himself to attend the funeral. A letter from ex-President Hayes was received and read. It contained his regret at being unable to attend and paid a beautiful tribute to the dead soldier.

Ex-President Arthur.

MONTREAL, July 25.—Ex-President Arthur arrived here from his fishing grounds at Restigouche Friday morning, having left there immediately upon hearing of the death of Gen. Grant. He left for New York at night to attend the funeral. He is greatly improved in health, and appears quite robust.

Hancock to Command the Military.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Gen. Hancock has received instructions from the secretary of war to take entire charge of the military arrangements connected with Gen. Grant's funeral. All military organizations wishing to participate in the ceremonies must apply to him for assignment.

The Blue and the Gray Join Hands.

HOUSTON, Tex., July 25.—A spirited meeting of ex-Federal and Confederate soldiers was held Friday afternoon at the cotton exchange to make arrangements for memorial services on the day of the funeral of Gen. Grant. A general committee was appointed embracing all the ex-soldiers in the city.

Butler to Deliver an Oration.

LOWELL, Mass., 24.—Gen. B. F. Butler has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration of the memory of Gen. Grant. The time for the service has not been fixed.

THE OLD WORLD'S HOMAGE.

Foreign Press Notices of the Death of Grant—Meetings of Americans.

LONDON, July 25.—A meeting of Americans was held at the American exchange Friday for the purpose of taking appropriate action on the death of Gen. Grant. Mr. Cyrus W. Field and many other prominent Americans were present. The meeting, after listening to several addresses eulogistic of Gen. Grant, adjourned. A deputation will wait on Minister Phelps and present him with resolutions setting forth the great loss America has sustained by the death of the illustrious soldier, and expressing the sympathy of Americans in London with the family of Gen. Grant in the loss they have sustained.

All the European newspapers have laudatory notices of Gen. Grant. The comments of the French papers are slightly tinged with reference to Grant's German sympathies during the Franco-Prussian war.

PARIS, July 25.—A meeting of Americans was held at the United States legation Friday afternoon, Minister McLane presiding. Bancroft Davis offered a resolution of condolence on the death of Gen. Grant, which was adopted. Minister McLane dwelt on the importance of Grant's military career, adding that the south, toward which he had shown such magnanimity in the hour of victory, would unite with the north in expressions of regret. Mr. McLane was requested to forward a copy of the resolution to Mrs. Grant.

BERLIN, July 25.—All the papers of Berlin print appropriate notices of Gen. Grant. The North German Gazette says his death excites genuine sympathy on the European side of the Atlantic. The name and work of Grant will be inscribed forever upon the pages of history, and posterity will accord to him the merit of saving the Union at its most desperate crisis since the war for independence.

VIENNA, July 25.—All the papers here contain long reviews of Gen. Grant's life.

Will "Go Up Froo de Woods."

CINCINNATI, July 25.—The Volksblatt, it appears, has bolted the Republican party. Mr. Albrecht, its chief, said Friday: "Our position is one of neutrality. We will oppose no fight measures, not parties. The danger lies between two evils, Republicanism and Prohibition, or Democratic misrule."

A Suggestion from Bismarck.

PARIS, July 25.—The Gaulois says that Prince Bismarck has suggested that Zulikar pass be made neutral, thus solving the difficulty between England and Russia in regard to its possession.

A Quiet Mormon Celebration.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 25.—Friday was the thirty-eighth anniversary of the entrance into the Salt Lake valley by Brigham Young and 142 Mormons, who made the journey from the Missouri river by ox teams. Usually the anniversary is observed with much display, but the half-masting of the flag on the Fourth of July and a threatened collision between the Mormons and Gentiles, should there be any further interference with the flag, as well as the death of Gen. Grant, put a stop to all organized celebration. The day passed quietly. Business was entirely suspended and saloons were closed by the mayor's proclamation. Instead of the usual rush of visitors to the city, hundreds left town, going to various neighboring resorts to escape the heat. Telegraphic reports from all parts of the territory state that Pioneer Day was the quietest one in its history.

Got on a High Lonesome.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 25.—A colored man named Laws got on a spree Friday night and took possession of a street car. After severely beating the driver he drove the lady passengers off at the point of a pistol and went careering down the street. A policeman interfered but Laws whipped him and went on. He finally met a young man, placed a pistol against his stomach and threatened to kill him. The young man struck the negro just as the pistol exploded and escaped with a serious flesh wound. The police then took the negro in charge. Laws has \$5,000 in bank and said he proposed enjoying himself. The wounded man will appear against him for attempted murder.

Hon. Pat. Collins in Dublin.

DUBLIN, July 25.—Hon. P. A. Collins, of Boston, arrived in this city from London Friday. He had declined a formal reception and was therefore met informally at the depot by the mayor of the city, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Matthew Kenney, and several other prominent citizens and parliamentary leaders. An elaborate banquet is being arranged in his honor. He has also been invited by Mr. Harrington to attend the league meeting Tuesday.

Prefer Africa to Russia.

BERLIN, July 25.—Prince Bismarck has received petitions from many Germans residing in Russia asking to be given employment in the German-African colonies and describing their present state as one of misery.

THE TELEGRAPH.

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

FASHION AS IT FLIES

The Latest Intelligence About
Mid-Summer Styles for
Women and Misses.

A MOST PERPLEXING QUESTION.

An Article of Female Apparel That Threat-
ens to Reach an Enormous
Size.

Wearing the Bustle.

One of the most vexed and unsettled problems of woman's apparel, says the *Chicago News*, is that of the bustle, known in the parlance of the French modiste and the utter swell as the "tonure." There is a never-ceasing dispute about where it shall begin and where it shall stop. There is continuous agitation in regard to its proportions. It has made its appearance in civilized countries in every shape, from the old-time hoop-skirt to a small bag filled with cotton or hair to be worn on the back. It has been constructed of wire, of steel, of stiff-starched materials, made in rolls, fastened together, horizontally and vertically, in the shape of a crescent, and also very similar to a coffin. It has been ruffled and puffed, tucked, and bent outward by the insertion of whalebone. But the bustle that shall be desirable in all particulars, never get out of place and veer around to one side, giving one hip the semblance of abnormal development, that shall contribute the requisite grace and fullness to the draperies of the dress, is yet an undiscovered boon. To achieve this much-sought-for perfect bustle requires either the exercise of masterly genius or a revision of the entire female anatomy so that there shall be no variation whatever in type, every woman being blocked out in the self-same cast.

A bustle universally applicable is no more possible than the construction of a universal shoe. The tall and slender fair one may wear a long hair-cloth skirt, ruffled up the back to the waist, but her short sister who verges on the fat line would look in the same garment as if her skirts were stretched over a tub. The woman with full, round hips, with a suggestion of embonpoint, can wear only a small, round bustle at the top of her dress, while she who is flat and square of shape, with no hips to notice, can wear bustle all around and no one suspect it. Certain women must have their draperies fastened low to prevent an appearance of bunchedness. Others require them arranged high. Some must wear them plain, and others look well only when they are bouffant. Each of these distinct types needs a different style of bustle. The bustle, of itself, projects directly from the back without fullness even so far round as the curves of the sides. Ladies who have no curves at the sides supplement them with rolls of hair. These must be fastened securely beneath the skirts directly on the hips, for when they slip out of place the effect is very grotesque.

The tendency is toward an increase in the size of the tonure in this country. Enormous bustles are anticipated. The development in this direction is already greater than ever before. These large bustles are very cumbersome and heavy to wear, and, if made of wire or steel, are decidedly uncomfortable. The softest and most comfortable bustle is made of long rolls filled with hair and fastened together vertically. It is especially commended to invalids, for it gives the sensation of sitting down on a pillow.

Basques, Mantles, Dust Cloaks.

Basques are short and jaunty, and a little treble-plaited postilion, called in Paris the "bird's tail postilion," is the proper finish to the backs of corsages made either round, pointed, or basque-shape in front. A pretty novelty for full-dressed occasions consists of a satin vest, dotted all over with hoops made of mother-of-pearl beads. These vests are made apart from the skirt, and to be worn with different bodices. A yard and a quarter of silk or satin, pearl-beaded, will make a pretty zouave jacket. Silk gauze, brocaded with small velvet flowers, made up into tunics and corsages, are very elegant over kilts of skirts, of surah, matched to the shade of the velvet flowers. En suite are satin vests, dotted with tiny figures in sapphire, emerald, ruby, or pearl beads corresponding with the hue of the skirt fabric.

Among the newly imported dust cloaks and wraps for tourists are Newmarkets, and pelisses made of golden brown, cardinal, nuns' gray, and biege

mohair, cashmere, pongee or serge. The handsomest and most expensive are embroidered. Very stylish wraps are shown simply tailor-made, with a number of fine pleats laid from throat to belt, both front and back. In front the pleats are held at the waist line by a bronze or silver clasp. Some of the Newmarkets are finished with a pointed hood, lined with striped satin in gay colors. The cardinal dust cloaks are exclusively for out-of-town wear, and the most dashing of these are loaded with pale coffee-colored lace.

French Venetienne cloth is the name of a new fabric lately opened, in a number of extremely pretty colors and combinations. The goods resemble the printed mousseline de laines in effect, but the wool is corded in these later materials, and considerably heavier in quality than mousseline de laine. The grounds are tinted in various delicate colors, and figured with a leaf or flower in contrasting hues. One in pure white, printed with a tiny leaf of scarlet, green, and gold, was particularly dainty and chic. These printed woollens are extremely popular this season, particularly for seaside wear, as, even when the heat is the most intense, there is always a damp or strong breeze blowing from the ocean, making a muslin dress one not altogether comfortable, even when the thermometer is in the nineties. Rows of narrow colored velvet ribbon are much used to trim dresses made of these fabrics, and when they are figured, the velvet matches the color of the figure. Lace is also lavished upon these fabrics, making them appear of far greater value than they actually are; for the new goods, though fine and dainty in appearance, and fit for the wear of any lady, cost really but the trifling sum of 25 cents a yard.—*New York Post*.

Gloves and Footgear.

Traveling mantles when made the shape of a visite are long and with large sleeves, redingotes and pelisses fit tight and have many pleats or gathers at the back, a band or string put on in the inside draws in the waist, and they are buttoned the whole length. Thin materials are employed for such mantles, although they are intended to protect the costume from dust, rain, and other accidents on the way.

The toilet of a woman belonging to the fashionable and elegant world must be distinguished by the most careful attention to details, and it is necessary to devote a few lines to the question of gloves and footgear. With a dressy toilet Swedish gloves continue the only handgear considered suitable; with a white robe white chevette may be worn, and the fine doe glove with white embroidered points, always very long and buttoned upward from the wrist, is worn for the street, shopping, etc. There are also elegant silk and kid gloves with long lace gauntlets worked in gold and silver thread and silks of different colors, yet these are so difficult to choose in harmony with the toilet that a little more license is allowed.

Elegant shoes for wearing with outdoor costumes are of fine kid, either black or matching the dress, and no ornament is put on. We would here advise our young friends not to have their shoes and walking boots with such long points as are fashionable, for these press the toes in an atrocious manner and cause many inconveniences. One must ever deplore the mania for change always going on in the world, which throws us from one extreme to the other; it would be so easy, for instance, to wear foot gear of a sensible and yet elegant shape, instead of the horribly outre points now so admired, but of course the latter are all the rage. So much for fashion! Those, however, are much to be pitied who allow the fair and fickle dame to dictate to them in every respect instead of following the rules of good sense and good taste, when by doing the latter they would not only gain esteem in the eyes of all well-bred people, but also be well and elegantly attired.—*The Season for August*.

Oregon Fashion Notes.

In the Heppner hills, this season the recherche thing in overalls is to have the pocket corners braided in lieu of the copper rivets that were en regale last season. They are worn either stuffed in the boots or outside.

An elite thing in watch chains is a wide buckskin strap worn dangling from the pocket and ornamented with a stud-horse poker chip. It also works for a ranch razor strap.

An æsthetic rustic substitute for a button is a shingle nail or a piece of sharpened stick poked through a gallus hole. This style is very popular on some ranches, but it is a bad thing to fall down on.—*From the Heppner (Ore.) Gazette*.

Feather-trimmed suits are very stylish and young chickens are discarding their ova coats for them.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

Several Interesting Stories for
Their Instruction and
Amusement,

AND ALSO BENEFIT OLDER ONES

The Sad End of a Greedy Hen—Perfect in
Little Things—Paying Off Mother
—Juvenile Wit, Etc.

The Sad End of a Greedy Hen.

The hen and chickens were all alert,
When they caught a glimpse of Meg's fluttering
skirt,
Her bare white arms and her heaping dish;
For the best was coming their hearts could wish.

Oh, what a feast! Those on the spot—
Who loved their potato-parings hot
In a mealy mush, full of tidbits nice—
At once stepped up for a generous slice.

But vain were their hopes, as they saw, alas!
For no sooner the dish had touched the grass,
Than, first in the line of the long procession,
A fierce hen claimed the sole possession.

Right in the dish she stepped and growled;
And ate, and gobbled, and glared, and scowled,
Till her feathers seemed all turned wrong side
out,
As they shook at the rest, who were still in
doubt.

Yes, there she stood, while she crammed her fill,
Till the fine feast clung to her selfish bill;
And still, of her plenty with lots to spare,
Declined with the rest her dish to share.

But crosser and crosser she waxed and grew,
Until, in a gathering rage, she flew
At the gaping crowd! For she could not brook
The sight of their hungry, longing look.

So she drove them all, in her greedy wrath,
Far off to the neighboring garden path!
And then returned to the silent lawn,
When lo and behold the dish was gone!

But she caught a glimpse of Meg's fluttering
skirts,
As she bore the dish to the garden dirt,
Where the chickens were. Had she heard Meg
scold,
She would have believed that her days were told.

At dinner next day,—can you tell why?—
They had just the crispiest chicken-pie.
Meg's mother made it, and told Meg then
That that was the last of her "greedy hen,"
—*Fleta Forrester, in Youth's Companion*.

Perfect in Little Things.

Doubtless many boys are tired of the story about the boy who began life with 25 cents, and who, by forming the habit of attending to details, grew up to be a rich merchant. Yet sneer as they may at the old saying, "Perfection in little things means success in great things," yet its truthfulness is attested by scores of facts. The following curious incident shows that carrying one's conscience into the little things of everyday work may sometimes turn incidents into helps:

Two years ago, a young man living in a Vermont village, having finished his academical education, was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examinations he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed the advice, and found, in his old habit of doing little things carefully, the schoolmaster that brought back his old knowledge.

Before his illness, the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church, sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps, and doing all the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and by the physician's advice tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about its loss of memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any change in his mental condition.

One Sunday evening, a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed carefully around, until his attention was attracted by the lamps on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church the next day, and seeing the door open, he quietly walked in and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central aisle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked, "Do you do all the work about the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you trim the lamps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you trim them in such a peculiar way?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why, the flames are all alike."

"Oh! But they ought to be. You would not have them uneven, would you?"

"No," answered the stranger with a smile. "But it speaks well for your carefulness. Why, I should think one of the flames would fit all the others

exactly if it were superimposed on them."

"Superimposed! Isn't that word used in geometry?"

"Certainly. If polygons, having equal sides and angles"—

Before the stranger could finish his sentence, the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triumph,—

"Mother, I know that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the square, of the other two sides!"

In a moment his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of the superimposed figures. It is more than doubtful if a long course of medical treatment would have accomplished what the stranger's word did. Nor would the young man have met the stranger had he not been in the habit of doing little things with conscientious care.

Paying Off Mother.

"Mother," said a little black-eyed boy of 6 years, "when you get old and want some one to read to you, I will pay you off."

Little Alexander's mother had been in the habit of reading to him a good deal, and on this Sabbath day she had read to him a long time out of the Bible and a Sabbath-school book. The child was just able to read a little himself, and the progress he was making doubtless suggested to him how he might, at some future time, return in kind all his mother's care. "I will pay you off, mother," says he, looking up into her face with childish satisfaction, as if a new thought from heaven had been sent down to light up the little world of his soul. His mother pressed him to her heart with a delight that seemed to say—"My dear son, I am more than paid off already."

But, children, you can never pay off your mother. Her thoughts of love and acts of affection are more in number than the days of life. How often has she nourished you, dressed you, kissed you, rocked you on her knee or in the cradle, carried you in her tender arms, watched over you in sleep, corrected at times your misdemeanors, thought of you in absence, and guarded your life in the unvarying remembrances of a mother's solicitude, and the free-will offering of a mother's devotion! Ah, children, you can never "pay off" mother.

Mother has taught you to read and to pray. She has patiently sat by you and taught you the letters of the alphabet; and then she helped you to put them together and spell words of thought. She taught you to spell "God." Before you could read she taught you to say, "Our Father who art in heaven." Mother has trained you with lessons, and hymns, and prayers to come to Christ. She has prayed for you when none but God knew it, and has prayed with you when your wandering eyes understood not the meaning of her grave and imploring looks. She has pointed you to heaven and "led the way." Dear child, you can never "pay off" mother.

Yes, there is one way—there is one way in which you can more than pay off mother. It is by loving Jesus Christ and his work, and by preparing for heaven. There Jesus dwells in glory, which he communicates to the saints of all generations; that same Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven." Come, little children, come to Jesus Christ! Come, my children, and pay off mother by praising God with her in heaven.—*Children's Friend*.

Juvenile Wit.

It was in Boston. The family had just got home from church just before the rain, when the little girl said without the slightest thought of irreverence: "Well, we beat the Lord that time, didn't we, ma?"

"What is a limited monarchy, Johnny?" "Well, my idea of a limited monarchy is where the ruler doesn't have much to rule." "Give an example." "An example? Lemme see! Well, if you was bossin' yourself, for instance."

"Your father was nothing but a simple stone mason." "I know where you got that information." "From whom did I get it?" "From your father." "How do you know that?" "Because your father used to be my father's hod-carrier."

In embryo. Two babies sat playing with their box of toys on the floor. Picking up a little flag one said waving it over his baby head "am for Teban." "Blaine" said the other baby. "Teban" shouted the first. "Blaine" persisted the second, and in another minute like true politicians, the youngsters were scratching and pulling each others hair and could scarcely give up the fight, when caught squalling up into their laughing mothers' arms.

MECHANICAL.

In a glass works near Paris, air stored under pressure has been made to successfully supercede glass-blowing by the mouth.

A LONDON firm of pencil makers manufactures its shavings and sawdust into an article which they call the "Dust of Lebanon." It is sprinkled upon the fire to remove the unpleasant smell of cooking noticeable in a room after a meal.

WORKING hours throughout France are rarely under twelve per day, while in Germany they range from thirteen to sixteen, and this without deductions for Sundays and holidays. A recent French Government commission reported against shortening the hours of labor.

A WISCONSIN lumberman has invented a sled with hollow shoes that will make ice roads. Steam and hot water are forced through perforations in the shoes, so that the snow may be softened, packed, and frozen into gutters that will bear the runners of the heavy logging sleighs.

A FLOOR of paper has been made in a new rink in Indianapolis. Straw boards are pasted and pressed together by a hydraulic press, and when seasoned they are sawed up into flooring, the edges of the paper forming the floor, which is without joints. When sand-papered it becomes smooth as ice and is noiseless.

ACCORDING to the *Building* of the Society of Naturalists of Moscow, the hitherto unaccountable destruction of pine forests is caused by the ravages of a species of mushroom which takes growth on the surface of the wood and afterward penetrates and destroys the tree. Maps are given in which the path of the destroying fungus is traced through the pine woods of Russia.

ACCORDING to the *Bulletin News*, manufacturers of wood mosaic say that they have found by experiments that hard maple on end is from four to five times as durable as marble, and equally as durable as the hardest baked tile. It is reported that two end-wood floors were laid in the elevators of a public building in Chicago about fifteen months ago, and that the floors are in as good condition as when first laid, although each elevator carries 1,000 to 2,000 people daily.

FIFTY houses, says the *Argus*, will form part of the freight of a vessel bound to Aspinwall, South America, from Portland. The houses are what is termed "knock downs;" every part, including roof, is finished, and shingles are painted, and they are all ready to be set up in about an hour's time after arrival. They were made in the Ottawa district in Canada and are intended for the men who are at work on the canal. By sending in this form about 33 per cent. in freight is saved.

A CONSIDERABLE impetus has been given in Germany to the artificial growth of the nettle (*urtica dioica*) by a German lady living at Langenschwambach, who has been studying and systematically experimenting upon it, for the sake of the fiber, which ranks high for tenacity. Not content with cultivating in the ordinary forest or waste land, she has persuaded several landowners to plant an acre of first-class wheat land with nettles, in order to see how far the qualities of the fiber would be improved.

TWO INTERESTING TIME PIECES.

A lady who had been abroad was describing some of the sights or the trip to friends.

"But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg."

"Oh, how I should love to see it," gushed a pretty young woman in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"—*Drake's Magazine*.

AN ARCHITECTURAL QUESTION.

Teacher to class in architecture: "Gentlemen, you have examined the designs for to-day's lessons?"

Class—"We have."
Teacher—"Well then, Mr. Brown, will you kindly tell me what the nave of a church is?"

Brown—"Certainly, sir. It is the Sunday school Superintendent who is cashier of a bank."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

THAT SAME TROUBLE ABOUT THE ELEPHANT.

The reason why very old people like to go to a minstrel show is because they have their minds refreshed with the jokes which they listened to when, in innocent boyhood's days, they had crept under the circus tent and were having a luxurious time trying to decide which was the right end of the elephant.—*Fall River Advance*.

GENUINE politeness should flow as the heart dictates and as nature teaches; and nature knows no affection, but a charming and unsteady simplicity.

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

News and Gossip About the
Stage and Some of its
Noted Celebrities.

MRS. LANGTRY IN PANTALOONS.

How The Old Gag Died--Fanny Davenport's
Extravagance--Ready Ray-
mond, Etc.

How the Old Gag Died.

The manager of a minstrel company took me behind the stage, and said he: "This is our dressing-room for the Jokes and Conundrums." It was a warm, comfortable apartment. Three venerable Conundrums were carefully dyeing their gray whiskers and adjusting their wigs preparatory to going on. A fourth sat on a sofa with a crutch beside him. A racking cough proclaimed the presence of "Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out?"

"Allow me to introduce to you," the manager began.

"Never mind," I interposed hastily; "I know them all, and it is a great pleasure to shake hands with them. Bless my soul, the sight of some of these old-timers brings back memories of the days long, long ago, when I could laugh at them with merry glee."

"Yes," said the manager, "we've got all the old favorites with us this season. You see that Gag over there with his neck wound in red flannel? Well, that's Eve-made-for-Adams-Express-Company. Although suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism he insists on appearing every evening, and hasn't missed a single performance. He's popular in the one-night towns. I took him over the Maine circuit last fall, and he made a hit everywhere."

The two stage hands entered the room, supporting the trembling figure of a weather beaten Joke. "Oh, I'm here," he hoarsely whispered, looking pitifully up into the manager's face, with a smile, "ready to go on, even if it's for the last time. Never disappoint the public," he murmured softly. Then his eyes closed, and he lay very still. The manager bent over him and chafed his hands, while others applied restoratives. "I'm better now," said the aged Gag, as he sat up and stared feebly about. "Ah! There's my cue. I'm going on. Let me pass!" A second later we heard from the interlocutor: "And so you say that you were eating an egg, while everybody else on board the vessel was starving?"

"I was," replied the end man.

"And where did you get the egg?"

"The ship 'lay to,' and I got one."

Then a mist came before the eyes of the old Gag, he staggered back into the wings and fell. Sobbing Conundrums bore him tenderly to his dressing-room, and weeping Jokes implored him to open his eyes. It was too late. The sound of laughter and applause came from the auditorium. A smile of ineffable sweetness lit up his face and faded away forever. The old Gag was dead. —Philadelphia News.

Fanny Davenport's Extravagance.

Miss Fanny Davenport pays a great deal of attention to dress. She seems to have that noble rage for beautiful things which characterized our ancestors not too far back in history. Just as she makes visits to Paris to see Sardou and learn the stage business of her plays, so, also, she does not forget to visit Worth and order the superb costumes she knows so well how to wear.

One day, in turning over some handsome stuff in Worth's rooms—it was the craze then to revive the old brocades of the last century—she came across a coat the buttons of which were diamonds and rubies. There were only four, but they were beautiful. Miss Davenport's eyes glistened covetously. "What would I not give to have those buttons on a dress!"

"But," said Worth, with sympathetic regret, "there are not enough for a dress. If we could only find the waistcoat of this suit there would be."

"But can't you make them?" said Miss Davenport, impatiently.

"No," said Worth, with a smile; "we can do a great deal, but we cannot make rubies and diamonds; we must find them."

"Well, then," said the actress, not to be put off, "find them. I give you carte blanche. Charge anything you like."

Worth started at first, and then took to the idea with real zest. He sent word to all his agents throughout France to spare no pains in order to find the waistcoat.

Suddenly it came to light in a pawnbroker's shop in Tours, where the alternating diamonds and rubies were taken for glass.

The waistcoat was immediately sent to Worth, who removed the buttons and placed them, according to command, upon Miss Davenport's dress, which he made expressly to suit the buttons. —San Francisco Inglese.

Actress' Courtships.

There are no actress' courtships just now. All the actresses except a few professionally engaged in New York have gone to the mountains and seashore to pursue their courtships there. It is a question which class is to be envied, those who remain and attain that most exceptional phase in an actress' career, a summer salary, or those who go out of town to spend in pleasure the amount they made during the regular season.

Those who remain at all events are much more engaged in the thoughts of having to go through the hot weather that must necessarily come, in stuffy dressing-rooms than in any matter of courtship. Besides all the dudes have disappeared and have left their vacant stalls in the theater to their country cousins. They have departed with their papas and mammas on yachts and railroads and ocean steamships. They have forgotten for the time being their lady loves of the footlights, content to renew their wooing in the fall. There is desolation among the pretty chorus, and a sense of strangeness among the principals. The actresses who remain unmarried must stay so until the fall season has set in. —New York Journal.

Ready Raymond.

John T. Raymond, John A. McCaull and Theodore Moss were standing in front of Wallack's Theater discussing Gen. Grant's physical condition. As usual, Mr. Raymond monopolized the conversation, and after eulogizing the sick warrior and extolling the fortitude displayed by the old hero in his recent removal to Mount McGregor, Mr. Raymond exclaimed:

"Well, I can say what no other man can; I am the actor that Gen. Grant last went to see. Just before he was taken ill he came over to Brooklyn to see me play 'For Congress';" and Mr. Raymond thrust one hand into his bosom and assumed a "Col. Sellers" attitude. His companions were silent a moment, and then Moss said very quietly:

"Perhaps that was what made him so sick."

"Theodore," replied Raymond, growing very red in the face, "you are dead wrong, but I'll treat." —Dramatic News.

Stage Gossips.

Frau Materna has again returned to Europe.

Pauline Lucca will sing in Berlin next season.

Nellie Lingard has lately married Frank Burbeck.

Effie Ellsler is enjoying the delights of Long Branch.

Alice Harrison announces her intention of starring again.

J. B. Polk has been seriously ill, but is rapidly convalescing.

Louise Sylvester will again visit the provinces in a new play.

Sadie Martinot is singing in the east of "Nanon," the new opera comique.

Louise Rice will star conjointly with other well known people next season.

Dave Braham, the favorite composer, will remain with Ned Harrigan next season.

It is said that Maurice Barrymore intends to remain permanently in England.

Minnie Maddern is gone to Mamaroneck to spend the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Shepherd.

Olga Brandon will play the leading part in "For Congress" at the Madison Square Theater, New York.

Jim Powers, the original "Grimesy," has returned to this country. It is said he has become frightfully affected.

James Hardie will star next season in connection with Sara Von Leer in a new play called "A Brave Woman."

Miss Jennie Christie has made a great hit in the comedy "Mixed Pickles." She has been re-engaged.

Harry Browne will produce "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" at Philadelphia in the early part of September.

Frank Pastor, a brother of Tony, and at one time a well-known circus rider, lately died at San Antonio, Texas, where he had gone for his health.

Rosina Vokes, who since her marriage with Cecil Clay has persistently refused to appear upon the British boards, is to come to America in September with a comedy company of her own selection. What a treat for the lovers of mirth on this side of the water.

HITTING THE PIPE.

A Peep Into the Opium Joints on the Pacific Coast.

"Although quite common in almost all the large cities in the West, the pernicious habit of opium smoking, or 'hitting the pipe,' as it is usually called, is quite unknown in Detroit," said a well-known druggist.

"This habit," he continued, "has grown to an alarming extent on the Pacific slope, and in all other localities where Chinese are to be found in any great numbers. I have visited many of the Chinese opium joints, both in New York and San Francisco, and can tell at a glance whether a person is addicted to the use of the deadly drug or not. I have had strangers come into my store whose facial appearance indicated that they were the slaves of the habit, and so far as I know there is no sure cure for it except to shun the drug as one would a viper."

"The opium used by the Chinese is of an inferior quality, and is brought to this country in the form of a paste, put up in small round foil-lined boxes similar to those used for pills. The pipe is a curious looking contrivance, and might be taken for a common walking-stick were it not for the little metallic bowl placed midway between the mouthpiece and the end of the stem. The stem itself is constructed of bamboo, one end being plugged, the other fitted with amber or metallic tip. In the bottom of the bowl are two small holes, one of which leads through into the stem, the other only about half way."

"In using the pipe a small quantity of the opium paste is rolled up into a pellet and placed on a wire, the end of which is inserted in one of the holes in the bowl of the pipe. The smoker stretches his or her form on the floor or a low divan as the case may be, and ignites the opium by applying the bowl of the pipe to the flames of a charcoal brazier. If it be his first attempt the initial whiff will be sufficient to partially strangle him, as the fumes of burning opium are exceedingly pungent and distasteful. Very soon he becomes accustomed to the peculiar taste, and gradually succumbs to its influence, as one does to an anesthetic, and finally drops off into a deep sleep. I tried it once, and that proved sufficient for me. I had the most delightful dreams, and imagined that I owned the earth, and had a chattel mortgage on the other planets. When I regained consciousness my head felt as large as a Saratoga trunk, and for two days at least every bone in my body ached as badly as if I had been punished with a club. I had no desire to try it again."

"With some people, however, the habit grows like the taste for liquor, and they can no more control themselves than a maniac. The peculiar headache which followed my attempt does not continue after the first two or three lessons, and, unless a person has a very strong will, there is a likelihood of the practice being continued. Some of the joints in the Chinese quarters in San Francisco are fitted up regardless of expense, and almost every night after the theaters are out, men and women—and some of them belong to the upper crust—can be seen wending their way along Dupont street, when all of a sudden they will disappear and that is the last that is seen of them until next day. Some of them have become so accustomed to the narcotic influence that two or three pipes are required to produce the desired result. In the morning they emerge from the dens with haggard faces and deep sunken eyes, and having a look of utter desperation as can only be produced by opium. The practice is kept up day after day until their constitutions are wrecked and death puts an end to their sufferings." —Detroit Free Press.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Young married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not always the happiest, though it ought always to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made, and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other as happy as possible for all time.

Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass soon broke. Of course the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel towards each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends.

Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be. —The Quiver.

CO. SIGNS AND TANGENTS.

There is a great deal of intellectual pabulum in signboards. To him who, in the love of business and mental growth, holds communion with these visible forms, the signboard speaks a varied and fearfully punctuated language. The average sign painter is born with the belief that when he paints "John Smith, Dry Goods and Groceries," on the front door of Mr. Smith's store, he must paint it in this guise: "John. Smith. Dry. Goods. and. Groceries." Sometimes, however, he doesn't even put the comma after groceries, but permits it to remain an all-comprehensive word evermore looking into the limitless eternity, of measureless suggestiveness of unfathomable groceries. If the artist be a German bred painter he is prone to make his sign startling and thrilling in its very commonplaces—"John! Smith! Dry! Goods! and! Boots! and! Shoes!" fading away into the same dreamy, vague, dim and misty, unpunctuated outlook so much affected by his American colleague. If there isn't much room on the signboard the artist reserves most of it for his own name; he paints in nonpareil for his patron and long primer for himself: "JOHN! JONES. Hardware BENJAMIN G. NORTH. Pfr."

If the merchant, being an economical man, has painted his own sign, he spaces badly and divides on any letter that comes handy, and startles the world with

WILLIAM W. WILLIAMSON, Well digger and others

One sign almost invariably "throws" even the regularly-ordained sign writer and his "mens' and boy's boots and shoes" is marvelously original in a dozen styles. Suppose you try yourself and see what the proof-reader will do with your effort. But what I was going to say when I began this very extensive portico to a very small house was that recently I perused two signs that impressed me deeply. One is in St. John, New Brunswick, the gold-lettered sign of the firm "Wisdom and Fish." Hasn't it always been said that Fish is brain food? Only in this sign Wisdom comes first. Should it not be Fish and Wisdom? The other I read last week in Chester, Pennsylvania. It is over a wagon shop I think—"Cain and Brother." Now, why couldn't they just as well write it "Cain and Abel?" It might not be correct, but it would be so Scriptural.—Bob Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

ALMOST A FATAL MISTAKE.

In an Arkansas town, a mob, led by a desperate man, marched to a jail, dragged a murderer from a cell and hurried with him to the outskirts of town. Each man wore an expression of determination—features hardened by awful resolve. The prisoner attempted to speak, to beg for his life, but burly hands closed around his throat and the prayer he would have uttered went out in an inarticulate gurgle.

When the infuriated men reached a large oak, they halted. One of them threw a rope over a limb.

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "please give me a chance to say a word."

"Be quick about it," some one shouted.

"Gentlemen, I admit that the evidence is against me, but as truly as we stand here, I killed that man in self-defense."

"Killed what man?" was asked.

"Bill Bottelford."

"Say, you ain't the man that killed Bottelford, are you?"

"Yes, unfortunately, I am the man."

"Men," shouted the leader, "we have come in one of making a terrible mistake." Then turning to the prisoner the leader added: "We thought, sir, that you were the man that stole Nat Boyd's fish trap. Hop down off the box. You are free." —Arkansas Traveler.

CREMATION STATISTICS.

Gus de Smith took a stroll through the Austin graveyard. When he came out he looked very serious. Gillholly meeting him asked him what was the matter?

"Nothing, only I was thinking that the Austin husbands must light all the fires in the mornings."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I see so many of them are burned to death. I noticed on three or four tombstones: 'Peace to his ashes.' —Texas Siftings.

The way Paddy quotes Longfellow: "Learn to labor and to ate."

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Mr. Sam Ward began to operate in the lobby at Washington toward the close of the war. He was a short, compactly built, round-headed gentleman, well educated, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and great gastronomic knowledge, which enabled him to give marvellously good dinners. Besides all this, he was a "good witness," and consequently a reliable friend. He said of himself, just after being examined by Gen. Butler during the Andy Johnson impeachment investigation, that he had "been before the d—d strabismal inquisition, and that his evidence wasn't worth half his mileage." It should be known that his mileage was 20 cents, 10 cents per mile each way from Willard's to the Capitol, and that, as his street-car fare only cost him 12, he sent 8 cents to the treasury as conscience money.

The Civil Rights bill, after a struggle of several years in Congress, was placed on the statute book near the close of the session which ended on the 3d of March, 1875. There was some little complaint among a portion of the colored men on account of the exception of the provision for mixed schools, but the general opinion was that Congress had acted wisely in refraining from forcing the introduction of colored children into white schools. The members of the Republican side were particularly elated over the final disposition of this question, which had been an impediment to other legislation, and had also forced lengthy contests, which had in every session but the present terminated in mere buncombe. The recent attempts in the South to defraud the colored people of their rights also demanded the passage of the bill, as it afforded a legal remedy for the infraction of the privileges of all citizens. The Democrats professed to believe that the law would be a nullity on account of the presumed ultimate decision of the courts that it was unconstitutional.

The Army of the Potomac, encamped around Washington during the winter of 1861-62, made itself very comfortable as the days began to lengthen. There was daily drilling, holiday games, flag presentations, and investigations by congressional committees, but no forward movement. The camps of over 200 regiments presented to the visitor's eyes a spectacle of perfect regularity and exemplary neatness, while the interior of the tents was invariably well warmed and furnished with as many comforts as the circumstances of a state of war and the expectation of hasty removal at no distant date would allow. The men were also comfortably clothed for the season, and seldom made any complaints, even when inquired of as to their wants. The wonderful mildness of the weather had prevented any suffering from cold, and the worst storm was only a gale of wind which twisted and tore the Christmas greens, with which some camps were profusely decorated, till their arches, suns, moons, stars, and mottoes looked as if the witches had been holding Saturnalia among them. The ground was dry and white as an Italian highway, yielding a cloud of dust to every passing flurry of wind. Each cooking place was fenced in by a wall of loose stones, within which stand the cook and his assistants, gravely presiding over rows of seething cauldrons, which emitted teeming odors not wholly ungrateful to nostrils that had been snuffing the keen wind over the hills for a few hours.

The New Year's reception on the 1st of January, 1862, was numerously attended by the fashionable and the famous; army uniforms preponderated over black dress coats, and the young Germans of Blenker's Division were gorgeously arrayed in tunics embroidered with gold on the collars and cuffs, swordbelts of gold-lace, high boots and jangling spurs. Mr. Lincoln looked careworn and thoughtful, if not anxious, yet he had a pleasant word for all. Mrs. Lincoln wore a blue and white brocade gown, with a point lace berth, and a lace shawl, which had been presented to her by A. T. Stewart, on her arm. After the reception she took the arm of Mr. N. P. Willis, and they promenaded in the East Room. Among the other civilian visitors were the Hutchinson family, and by request of the President they sang his favorite song, "The Ship on Fire," with dramatic effect. When they had concluded, Mr. Willis kissed little Viola Hutchinson's hand, and made her a pretty little speech of thanks.

He is most secure from danger who, even when conscious of safety, is on his guard. The man who is prudent and cautious is generally secure from many dangers to which others are continually exposed.

GOLD FOR SILVER.

NEW YORK FINANCIERS AND THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Gold To Be Loaned in Exchange for Subsidiary Silver—A Chance for a Man of Enterprise—Items from the Capital.

NEW YORK, July 25.—A special dispatch to The Evening Post from Washington says: When United States Treasurer Jordan returned from New York Thursday, he brought with him the draft of a circular prepared by the clearing house committee to be issued Friday afternoon to the New York city banks, provided that the terms of the circular shall be approved by Secretary Manning. This circular was submitted and has been approved by the secretary. The provisions are not given out officially in Washington, but it is believed that it simply announces the decision of the clearing house committee on the question referred to it at the recent meeting of the fifty banks in New York as to the form of certificates which they would accept in return for a loan of gold. According to the terms of the circular the banks agree to lend \$20,000,000 to the treasury, or as much thereof as may be required, and it is specified that subsidiary silver coin will be accepted in exchange for so much gold as may be borrowed. The "red-letter" certificates recently issued by the treasury to the amount of some \$900,000 will be redeemed, and no more will be issued. But all future loans of that sort will be upon the basis of an exchange for minor silver coin. It is understood that the treasury department does not intend to borrow more than \$5,000,000 in gold, but it is not probable that this fact is to be cited in the face of the circular.

A Good Speculation.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25.—The theory recently advanced that there was much more silver in the treasury and in circulation than had been coined by the United States government, and consequently that some private enterprise must be engaged in making standard silver dollars and fractional currency of good silver, of the proper weight and fineness, which can not be distinguished from those issued by the government, has been for some time a subject of investigation by the treasury department, and the impression given out is that such a thing is quite possible.

The government buys \$24,000,000 worth of silver bullion per year and with that coins from 27,000,000 to 28,000,000 standard silver dollars, making a profit of from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 per year. A private establishment possessing itself of counterfeit dies made from a proof piece from the mint, might easily make this or a greater profit if they could secrete themselves beyond detection.

Suspended for Rascality.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25.—Professor Hilgard, superintendent, and Assistant Superintendent Boutelle, of the coast survey, together with several employees of that office, have been, by direction of Secretary Manning, suspended. An investigation of the accounts of the office which has been conducted for some time past by First Auditor Chenoweth has, it is stated, led to official to the conclusion that the funds of the bureau have not been honestly disbursed.

No Appeal from It.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25.—Comptroller Durham has rendered a decision that he can not review or reverse a decision of the court of Alabama claims. He holds that as that court was organized for a specific purpose, and as no court of appeal is provided, its judgments must be paid when properly certified to the treasury.

Ten Firemen Injured.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Fire broke out at 10:40 Friday night in the extensive tobacco warehouse of S. P. Lillenthal at Washington and Barclay streets. The flames spread very rapidly. A number of calls for ambulances were sent out soon after the firemen arrived and it was learned that ten firemen had been injured by the explosion of a boiler. The injured men were removed to the Chambers street hospital. Additional alarms were sent out and a large portion of the fire department was soon on the grounds working strenuously to subdue the flames. The building is an eight story brick structure. The fire originated in a paint-shop. The entire fire department of the southern part of the island, including two fire boats, were playing on the flames when the massive boiler used in the manufactory exploded. The brick wall fronting on Barclay street fell immediately out, showering bricks and stones on the firemen on the street. Eight men had been injured, and were quickly transferred to the hospital. None of them will die. By 12 o'clock the fire was under control. The loss will be about \$150,000.

Earl Spencer on Ireland.

LONDON, July 25.—The Liberal banquet Friday night to Earl Spencer was largely attended by members of both houses of parliament. Earl Spencer declared in his remarks that he believed there were 30,000 Fenians in Ireland alone, and that they received material assistance from members of the Fenian society in England, Scotland and the United States. It was this which made the crime so necessary. Ulster, the Farnell stronghold, was the chief seat of trouble, and the scene of incessant seditious meetings. Nothing would be more dangerous, he thought, than to attempt to govern Ireland as a crown colony. The absence of representative institutions would produce continual dissent.

An Offer for a Railway.

NEW YORK, July 25.—At a meeting of the South Pennsylvania syndicate, held in this city Friday, Mr. H. McK. Twombly stated to the subscribers that an offer had been received, from whom he did not say, to take all their subscriptions off their hands and pay them interest at the rate of 3 per cent. a year upon the amount invested to date. It was understood, of course, that the proposition came from the Pennsylvania company, or from one in its interest. As the meeting was informal no resolution was considered, but Mr. Twombly requested those who desired to accept the offer to communicate with him in writing. All interests were represented at the meeting.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER IN COLOGNE.

Forty-Five People Killed by the Budden-sick Plan.

COLOGNE, July 25.—A row of poorly built houses fell here Friday, burying a large number of people in the ruins. Forty-five were killed outright, and twenty-five seriously wounded.

PHALLAS AND MAJOLICA.

The Westerner Again Carries Off the Honors and the Cash—Sporting Notes.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The trot between J. I. Case's bay stallion Phallas and Nathan Straus' bay gelding Majolica for \$5,000 and the entire gate receipts, came off at the Gentlemen's Driving park (Fleetwood) Friday afternoon. Inside the park fully 6,000 persons were assembled to witness the struggle. The grand stand was crowded and many noted horsemen were in and around the club house. There was a large number of fashionably dressed ladies among the spectators. It was nearly 3 o'clock before the horses appeared. The first heat Phallas went off in the lead which he held the entire distance, winning easily by five or six lengths. Murphy eased Majolica up on nearing the wire, when he saw he could not win. This was the fastest heat of the race, the time being 2:16. After scoring several times in the second heat Majolica went off in front, and at the quarter turn Phallas broke badly. Bithers soon got him right, and he then settled down to business. At the half-mile pole, Phallas had closed the gap, but they passed this point neck and neck. From this out Phallas gradually forged ahead, and finished an easy winner by five lengths. The third heat was a regular walk over for Phallas, as he took the lead, and after playing with his rival for a while, came home three lengths ahead, thus winning three straight heats and the race.

The following is the summary: Phallas first, Majolica second; time, for three heats, 2:16, 2:18½, 2:36½.

The Brighton Beach Races.

BRIGHTON BEACH, N. Y., July 25.—Friday's racing was very good. With the exception of Frolic in the first race the favorites had a fair go. First race, ½ mile; Frolic first, El Captain second, Lulu third; time, 1:17½. Second race, ½ mile; Avalon first, Lizzie Walton second, Miller third; time, 1:17. Third race, ¾ mile; Hotachimie won, Embargo second, Mary Hamilton third; time, 1:30. Fourth race, 1½ miles; Ligan won, Frank Mullin second, Barney Aaron third; time, 2:11½. Fifth race, 1½ miles; Barnum won, Highlight second, Cardinal McCloskey third; time, 1:56. Sixth race, steeplechase over full course; Tilford won, Quixote second, Jack third; time, 5:36½.

Pittsburg Trotting and Pacing.

PITTSBURG, July 25.—Friday was the fourth and last day's racing at Exposition park; track fast, attendance light. Thursday's unfinished 2:21 class, in which Breeze Medium and Adelaide each had two heats, was won by Breeze Medium, Adelaide second, Onward third; time, 2:28. In the 2:18 class, pacing, Gossip won in three straight heats; time 2:20½, 2:22½, 2:20½.

Base Ball.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Base ball scores reported Friday evening were: League—At Boston—Chicago 14, Boston 5. American Association: At Cincinnati—Baltimore 5, Cincinnati 1.

THE MEN AT WATERLOO, S. C.

They Say American Citizens Shall Not Go Where They Please.

LAURENS, S. C., July 25.—John Milam, passenger agent of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad company, went to Waterloo, Laurens county, to get six negro women who wanted to go to Texas to join their husbands, who had preceded them. An armed mob gathered at the Waterloo hotel, took Milam and tied his hands and lashed him until he was insensible. They then forced him to walk out of town until he dropped from sheer fatigue, when they left him lying in the woods and dispersed. The leader of the mob is a member of the state legislature.

This is the second occurrence of the kind in the same place within two months, the other person mobbed being Charles Walker, of the Western & Atlantic Railroad company. The men at Waterloo say they are determined that the negroes shall not leave the county. B. W. Wrenn, general passenger agent of the East Tennessee air line, has employed a detective to endeavor to bring the guilty parties to justice. Milam is still suffering from the effects of his rough treatment.

Stopping the Cotton Mills.

FALL RIVER, Mass., July 25.—The agreement to curtail production, which was put into circulation and generally signed, Thursday, has received the balance of signatures needed and will at once go into effect, the mills participating aggregating 100,000 spindles. In every mill there will be a stoppage of four weeks production of print cloths between now and Oct. 1.

Got His Eye on the Governor's Chair.

LONDON, July 25.—Ex-Consul General Merritt sailed for New York Saturday on the Grecian Monarch. It is a matter of gossip in the American colony that Gen. Merritt returns here with his eye on the governor's chair at Albany.

CONDENSED NEWS.

The Oakland tannery, at Louisville, Ky., burned, with a loss on buildings and stock of \$40,000.

Mr. Gladstone's throat is so seriously affected that he will be unable to participate in the approaching campaign.

An unknown man has been arrested at London for threatening the life of Princess Beatrice, who was married Thursday.

At Osceola, Neb., 5,000 people witnessed the execution of Milton W. Smith, a wife-murderer, who died protesting his innocence.

Prince Bismarck is credited with the suggestion that Zulfiar pass, now a bone of contention between England and Russia, be made neutral.

The engine and a dozen cars were wrecked and a tramp killed in a collision on the Illinois Central railroad near Kankakee. The company's loss is \$25,000.

The ... of the ...

western railway for the fiscal year ended May 31, 1895, were \$4,557,047, as against \$3,700,737 for the preceding fiscal year.

It is rumored at Washington that Chief Justice Waite, of the supreme bench, will soon retire, and that ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, will be appointed his successor.

The directors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad Friday decided to build a line to St. Paul, to be known as the Chicago, Burlington & Northern. The stock rose sharply on the announcement.

Abraham Jackson and an unmarried sister, living on a farm near Red Oak, Iowa, have been arrested and bound over for trial on a charge of murdering an infant of whom they are the reputed parents.

At a meeting of the Chicago bar, Friday, resolutions of regret at the death of Judge T. Lyle Dickey were adopted, and a committee appointed to meet the remains upon their arrival in the city Saturday evening.

In well-informed Democratic circles at Washington it is believed that bills for the admission of Dakota and Montana will be among the earliest measures to be considered by congress when it reassembles in December.

The signal service publishes reports of 186 tornadoes in the United States during 1894. More than 1,000 buildings were destroyed by these storms. The states in which tornadoes were most frequent were Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama.

Cattlemen leasing lands in Indian territory met at St. Louis Friday to discuss the proclamation of the president ordering the removal of cattle from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation. Compliance with the order was declared to be impossible.

The representations made by the state department in the Santos case have been entirely ignored by the governor of Ecuador. The United States minister to Ecuador has been instructed to ascertain and report the reason for the delay in acknowledging this government's requests.

During the past week there were 215 business failures in the United States, as compared with 185 during the preceding week and 225 during the corresponding week of last year. The movement of general merchandise continues moderate, although an improved feeling is reported in dry-goods circles.

Babcock & Andrews, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had forty "bucket-shops" in that state, have suspended, with liabilities of about \$200,000, and no available assets. The failure is attributed to the advance in wheat and petroleum. Lantermann & Stewart, millers, of Grayville, Ill., have assigned, their liabilities being \$50,000 and assets \$30,000.

The Boston police are wrestling with a sensational murder mystery. Wednesday the upper half of a woman's body was found tied up in a sack, floating in the Charles river. Friday other portions of the same body were found in the river, also contained in a sack. The body is not yet complete, and has not yet been identified. Death was the result of strangulation, and at least two persons were actively engaged in the crime.

The following were among the presidential postmasters appointed Thursday: Frank Shutt, at Litchfield, Ill.; W. E. Lewis, at Charleston, Iowa; William A. Fleming, at Nashua, Iowa; S. R. Davis, at Creston, Iowa; John Dawe, at Edgerton, Wis.; Simeon Sawyer, at Fairmount, Neb.; George J. Spohn, at Superior, Neb.; George F. Laskell, at Larimore, D. T. Of the fourth class postmasters chosen, twenty-six were for Illinois, twenty for Indiana, eight for Iowa, ten for Wisconsin, and five for Michigan.

The Press Suppressed.

PROVIDENCE, July 25.—The sale of The Fall Mail Gazette report has been stopped by the police and its resumption prohibited.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, July 24. The market quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 August, opened 88c, closed 88½c; September, opened 90½c, closed 90¾c; October, opened 92½c, closed 93½c. Corn—No. 2 July, opened 46c, closed 46½c; August, opened 45½c, closed 45¾c; September, opened 45c, closed 45½c. Oats—No. 2 July, opened 33c, closed 33½c; August, opened 25½c, closed 26c; September, opened 25½c, closed 25¾c. Pork—July, opened \$10.20, closed \$10.15; August, opened \$10.20, closed \$10.17½; September, opened \$10.27½, closed \$10.25. Lard—July, opened \$6.55, closed \$6.52½.

Live stock—The Union Stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—Market opened rather slow, with packers and shippers buying moderately; light grades, \$4.45@4.80; rough packing, \$4.10@4.25; heavy packing, \$4.25@4.50. Cattle—Slow; shipping, \$4.70@5.00; butchers, \$2.00@4.30; Texans, \$3.00@4.10. Sheep—Steady; common to fair, \$2.50@3.20; good, \$3.25@4.00. Produce—Butter—Gilt-edged creamery, 16½@17c; fancy dairy, 15@16c; packing, 6@7c per lb. Eggs—10@11c per doz. Potatoes—\$1.10@1.25 per bbl. Poultry—Spring chickens, 12@14c; old hens, 9@9½c, and roosters, 5½@6c per lb. Apples—\$3.75@5.00 per bbl; new apples, \$1.00@2.00 per bbl. Berries—Black and red raspberries, 90c@1.15 per 24-pt case; blueberries, \$1.50 per 16-qt case; gooseberries, \$1.00 per 16-qt case; strawberries, \$1.00@1.25 per 16-qt case.

New York.

NEW YORK, July 24. Wheat—Opened heavy and ½@½c lower; later ruled stronger, but reacted from decline, with a moderate trade; No. 1 white nominal; No. 2 red, 99½c@1.00; September, \$1.01½@1.02½; October, \$1.03½@1.04½; November, \$1.05½@1.06; December, \$1.07½@1.07¾. Corn—¾@¾c higher and moderately active; mixed western spot, 50@52½c; future, 50@53½c. Oats—¾@¾c better; western, 37@41c. Provisions—Beef, dull and easy; new extra, \$10.00. Pork, quiet and unchanged in price; new mess, \$11.50@11.75. Lard, dull and in buyers' favor; steam-rendered, \$6.55.

Detroit.

DETROIT, July 24. Wheat—Firm; No. 1 white, 95c cash; 95c August; No. 2 red, 97½c cash; 97½c August; 98½c nominal; September, \$1.00½c; October, \$1.01½c. Corn—48½c bid. Oats—No. 2 white, 38c; No. 2, 38½c@39c.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, July 24. Wheat—Firm but dull; No. 2 red cash, 93½@94½c; July and August, 93½c; September, 95c asked; October, 96½c; No. 3 soft, 95c. Corn—Inactive; No. 2 cash and July, 49c; August, 48½c; September, 48c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 cash, 23½c; August, 27c; September, 26½c.

Alligator Skins.

(Times Democrat.) Although as high as 250,000 alligator skins have been tanned in a single year in the United States and Europe, it is said there is not a single tanner of these hides in the southern states.

Example and Precept.

[Exchange.]

Mother—Always say "please," Bobby, when you ask for anything. Never forget to say "please," even to the servants. Father (getting ready to go down town)—Yes, Robert, my son, bear in mind what your mother has told you, and always say "please." It is a little word, my boy, but full of meaning, and the use of it marks the gentleman. Now, wife, my overcoat and hat, and be quick about it.

A Cabinet Officer's Son.

[Chicago Tribune.]

L. Q. C. Lamar, Jr., the son of the greatest of all southerners, is a drummer, strictly a shoe drummer. He says he is satisfied to let his father go into politics, but as for him, he is more than satisfied to sell solid and fine shoes to the people of his native south.

Brooms of Coconut Fiber.

Coconut fiber brooms are novelties for sweeping the hearth. They have a rich brown tint and are "so odd."

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

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Sept. 8-11, 1895.

Write for Premium List.

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Successor to HORACE FLECK,

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Shoes

Of the Best Quality are Found.

H. stock is complete and full, and customers may be certain that they can there find what they want.

Call and See For Yourself.

He is Pleased to Show Goods.

J. G. FLECK:



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The Tailor

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WOOLENS,

One door west of the Lee Co. National Bank, Main Street, Dixon, has now on hand and is receiving

As Fine A Line of Goods, Foreign and Home Manufacture

As Can be Found West of Chicago

Which will be made up

At Reasonable Prices

Cash, or Prompt Paying Customers.



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GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, POWDER, SHOT

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Re-Boring Shot Guns for CLOSE Shooting a Specialty.

Gun stocks crooked to any desired drop; so that the gun is actually "fitted to the hunter." Mr. Drew has quite a fame for this work. He has the

FINEST LOT OF GUNS

Outside the Large cities. Sewing Machine Repaired and adjusted, and made to run as good as new. Remember the place on Galena Street, near the bridge, Dixon, Ill.



Something new, useful, and cheap. Nicely finished wood backs and handsome ly printed, steel wire arms. Fastened to wall or door in upright position as shown in cut. Its use incalculable habits of neatness and order, and brooms so cared for long as if stood in the corner or thrown around on the floor. Energetic canvassers wanted in every town. LARGE PROFITS. SEND 25c FOR SAMPLE. For particulars, call on or address O. LUDWIG, Mgr., 62 Lake st. (2d floor) Chicago.

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Madison Street, three blocks west of river. Chicago's Grandest Variety Palace. Two shows daily 10, 15 and 25 cents. Capacity 3,000.

A STRANGE DISEASE

WHICH CAME UNDER THE NOTICE
OF A NATURALIST IN JAVA.

One of the Curious Characteristics of the
Disease Called "Lata"—Involuntary
Imitation—Some Queer Cases
—The Will-Power Gone.

[H. O. Forbes, F. R. G. S.]

The first thing of interest to attract me within a few hours of my arrival at Kosala, in Java, was a case in one of the servants of the house of that curious cerebral affection called by the natives "lata." It is of a hysterical nature, and is confined chiefly to women, although I have also seen a man affected by it. On being startled or excited suddenly the person becomes lata, losing the control of her will, and can not refrain from imitating whatever she may hear or see done, and will keep calling out as long as the fit lasts, the name—and generally that word alone—of whatever has flashed through her mind as the cause of it: "He-ih-heh, matjani" (tiger); "he-ih-heh boorung besar!" (a great bird). Her purpose will be arrested, as, if walking, she will stop short, and, on going on again, will often follow some other course.

The prefatory exclamation is an invariable symptom, seemingly caused by involuntary hysterical inspirations. According to the degree of alarm the symptoms may remain only a few moments or last for the greater part of a day, especially if the person be prevented from calming down. The afflicted, if not seriously affected, are not altogether incapacitated from performing the little duties to which they are accustomed. The most curious characteristic of the disease is their imitation of every action they see. On one occasion, while eating a banana, I suddenly met this servant with a piece of soap in her hand, and perceiving she was slightly lata, but without appearing to take any notice of her, I made a vigorous bite of the fruit in passing her, an action she instantly repeated on a piece of soap.

On another occasion, while she was looking on as I placed some plants in drying paper, not knowing that caterpillars were objects of supreme abhorrence to the natives, I flicked off in a humorous way on her dress one that happened to be on a leaf; she was instantly intensely lata, and, throwing off all her clothing, she made off like a chased deer along the mountain road, repeating the word "for caterpillar" as she ran, until compelled by exhaustion to stop, when the spasm gradually left her. My own "boy," who would unconcernedly seize all sorts of snakes in his hands, became one day lata also on suddenly touching a large caterpillar.

My host's maid once, while alone at some distance from the house, having come unexpectedly on a large lizard, the Balawak, was seized by a paroxysm; dropping down on her hands and knees to imitate the reptile, she thus followed it through mud, water, and mire to the tree in which it took refuge, where she was arrested and came to herself. Another case which came under my knowledge was more tragic in its results. This woman, startled by treading in a field on one of the most venomous snakes in Java, became so lata that she vibrated her finger in imitation of the tongue of the reptile in front of its head till the irritated snake struck her, and the poor creature died within an hour.

During the attack the eyes have a slightly unnatural stare, but there is never a total loss of consciousness, and throughout the paroxysm the patient is wishful to get away from the object affecting her, yet is without the strength of will to escape or to cease acting in the way I have described. Lata persons are constantly teased by their fellows, and are often kept in an excited state for whole days.

Electrifying a Sick Hyena's Nerves.

[Chicago News.]

"Hyena" is the conspicuous sign on one of the menagerie cages of the South Side Dime museum, but the cage is empty. Three weeks ago the eyes of the spotted occupant began to roll deliriously, and, scorning the dago pies and other delicacies that were introduced into the cage as remedies, he laid down in the sawdust to die. After he had remained in a palsied condition for two weeks and more, a scientific man happened along in the freak-seeing crowd. "Why don't you give him a shock of that electric business down-stairs," he suggested to the keeper. The keeper told the piano-player, the piano-player told the glass-blower, and the glass-blower told the press agent. "Just the thing," exclaimed the latter, but the manager said: "No; let him alone; he's only afraid the cholera is coming. He'll be up in a day or two."

Unfortunately, the manager's word did not go farther than the box-office. The other day, while there was a lull in the life of the place, the keeper and a couple of confederates sneaked up-stairs with the galvanic battery, which electrifies your nerves at 5 cents a shock, and is advertised to tell your fortune in the bargain. The cage door was opened just enough to permit the placement of the battery. The almost insensible hyena was dragged up to the bars by the nape of the neck. One handle was tied in his paw. The other was stuck between his teeth. The current was thrown open, and the switch-bar run up to 900 at one dash.

A shriek that would have resurrected a ecropolis, a single bound to the top of the cage, and the hyena fell dead on the battery. The monkeys chattered, the jack-daw laughed hysterically, and the museum attaches all scampered down to the ground floor. A delegation of pale-faced men waited on the manager and imparted the news. "I knew it," he replied philosophically, "a \$100 for an electrical experiment that Ben Franklin would have made on a dying cat."

The corpse of the hyena was buried in the alleyway at midnight.

In Ivory and Gold.

[Chicago Herald.]

The city house which Mr. J. C. Flood is building in San Francisco will be a very extensive structure, like those of Governor Stanford and the Crockers. One room will be done in ivory and gold. The cost is fabulous. At one time Mr. Flood would not hear of having it done, but the architect finally prevailed, and he will be allowed to carry out the original plans. He has furnished complete drawings—one may say paintings—of every room, just as it will appear when finished—some two years hence.

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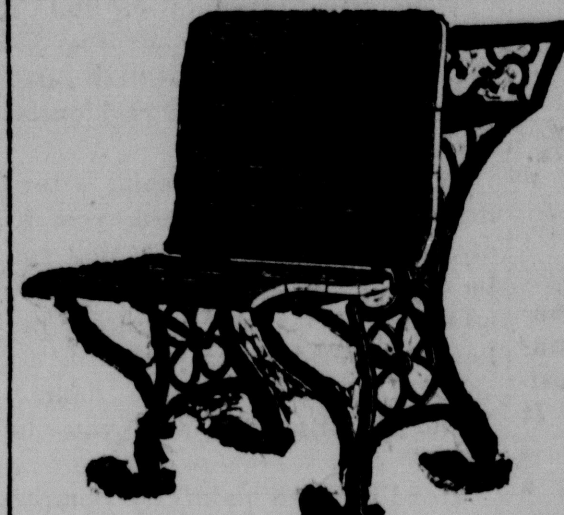
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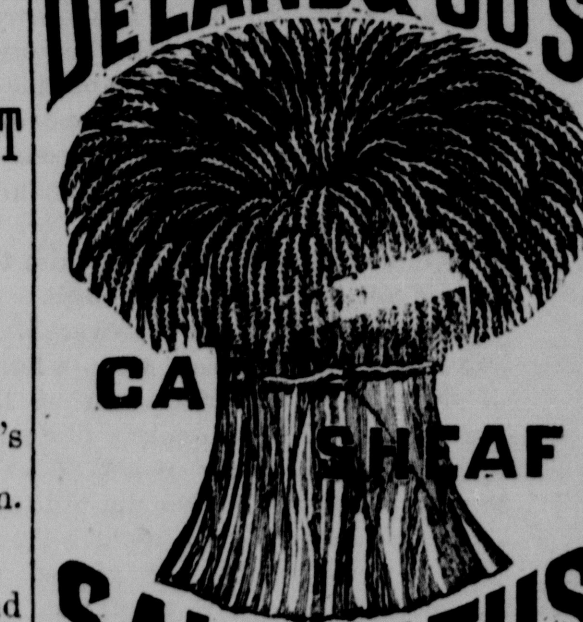
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THE REMEDY.

The other day my friend McPhail
Was stricken with disease.
We knew 'twas not a cold, because
With that you have to sneeze;
It could not be a fever, for
With fevers you are hot,
And so we really could not tell
What sickness he had got.

The first day he began to grin;
The second day to giggle;
The third day snickering sat in
And kept his face a-wriggle.
The fourth day it was haw! haw! haw!
The fifth a perfect roar,
And every hour the man grew worse
And scared us more and more.

The doctors came, and, looking wise
They said they never saw
A case like this before. McPhail
Just roared out haw! haw! haw!
The windows rattled in their sash,
The wise men started and grew
And said they thought his funny-bone
Congested through and through.

Perhaps, they said, it might be well
To talk of something sad;
To fix his thoughts on solemn things
Was all the hope they had.
So we sat down with faces grave,
All in a mournful row,
And talked of sorrow, death, and sin
Till tears began to flow.

Alas! he only laughed the more
To see the tears we shed.
'Twas plain this treatment wouldn't do.
"No hope for him," we said,
So we gave up in sad despair,
And left him to his fate,
In tears, just as we heard a sound
Of some one at the gate.

"McPhail, here comes your mother-in-law,"
We said. The roaring stopped,
His features lost their funny look;
His jaw that moment dropped.
Since then he has not laughed or smiled;
He's solemn as you please,
But seems to think the remedy
Was worse than the disease.

—Bill Jones.

A BOSTON ROMANCE.

BY TAL.

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VOLUME I.

Endicott Winthrop Smythe was under the weather. That he crawled under it of his own motion is a proposition that is not to be entertained. It is not an angel unawares. Neither is it a spring chicken. It is simply a bang-up, knuckle-down proposition with no nonsense about it, and very little of that.

Why was Endicott under the weather?

Alas!

He had just yearningly plead with Minerva Beaconstreet to join her lot with his, matrimonially. She had not joined with desirable unanimity.

"Why do you refuse me?" he had asked, through his clinched teeth.

He was very accommodating in the matter of clenched teeth. Always spoke through them when the dramatic requirements of the situation demanded. He was also a wax daisy in the cynical-smile line. And his far-off look of unrequited love was unsurpassed.

"Why," he repeated, "do you refuse me? Is it my poverty that causes you to refuse?"

"No," answered Miss Beaconstreet, measuring her words with exquisite precision—she carried a tape-line for the purpose—"it is not your poverty; it is because the distance of your optical perception is not commensurate with my visual limitations."

That was her way of telling him that he was not short-sighted enough.

"Alas, Minerva," he answered, "I know that I am cursed with a length of vision unnatural in a scion of Boston culture. But by reading fine print, by every means in my power I swear to you that I will strive to obliterate the remoteness of my sight. And in the meantime I can wear glasses and in that way make a show of respectability. Oh, Minerva, have pity on your long-sighted suitor."

"No," she answered with that rare precision of homogeneous verbosity for which the Boston girl is noted, "I would rather unite myself to visual obliquity, such as pertains to a late supreme executive of our commonwealth."

That was her way of telling him that he was not even as attractive to her as Ben Butler.

Then it was that Endicott Winthrop Smythe had gotten under the weather. How he at last managed to come out will be related in volume two.

VOLUME II.

Twenty years have passed—years veighed with clouds and blue sky, with gloom and sunshine, with winter's snow and summer's grass, with joy and sorrow, with pleasure and pain, with grief and gladness, with hope and despair, with laughter and tears, with smiles and frowns, and deaths and births, and spring-poems and boarding-house hash, and ice-cream and soda water and bock beer, and stale eggs, and maple sugar; and—

(Let go my coat tail, I tell you. Let me get at him!)

Hello! where am I? Oh, yes. Twenty years have passed.

Endicott Winthrop Smythe was now a middle aged man. His hair was gray, but not with years. At least

that was what he told me, and I suppose we must take his word for it. Perhaps his hair was too high-toned to associate with such common-place clumps as years. Boston hair is very fine and exclusive, and I should not wonder if Mr. Smythe's hair had struck up an acquaintanceship with some dude cycles and Eons and such like blue-bearded scions of Time. If so, Mr. Smythe did not mention the fact.

But as time flies and fly time is approaching, we may not pause to discuss minor points.

Endicott Winthrop Smythe was still as fastidiously lustrous when, twenty years ago, he had clenched his teeth so approposly.

He always combed his hair before coming down to breakfast and cleaned his finger-nails at least once a lustrum. And he was likewise never known to pick his teeth with a church steeple in public.

He had not seen Miss Beaconstreet since the incidents mentioned in our first volume. But now he had returned from the wide wild West loaded down to the gunwale with that potential something vulgarly called "boodle." And he proposed to again assail the citadel—not to mention the iron-clad ships and other strongholds—of her heart. For she was still a spinster. Suitors she had in plenty. But they all read fine print at longer range than two inches, and so one after another she had sent them packing.

With great trepidation and many other intense feelings he ascended the marble steps of her palatial residence and rang the bell of her residential residence.

"I have called," he said, after their first greeting, "to claim you for my own. Oh, tell me Minerva that you will be mine. If any smouldering spark of affection for me has lingered in your heart, Oh let it burn on into a glad-some blast of cheerful flame. Oh, Minerva, Minerva, will you be my wife?"

Her lips were painfully compressed, and the unusual terseness of her language showed that her feelings had broken from their cages in the circus tent of her soul, as she replied severely.

"Where are your specs?"

"I have no specs, Minerva. But," he continued proudly, significantly rattling a handful of silver in his pocket, "I—have—made a 'spec!'"

"Oh, Endy," she exclaimed, falling into his arms.

Thus Endicott Winthrop Smythe got from under the weather.

REMINISCENCE OF ARTEMUS WARD.

It was back in the fifties; we were all rooming in "old 21," our bachelor barracks, in the upper story of a business block on Superior street, in Cleveland. A gay party we were—Sam and George, Alf and Harry—and our third story den became headquarters for lots of witty and jovial boys, who made it almost a club-room in their nightly visits. Among the most welcome was Charley Brown, "Artemus Ward," as he was then just earning the sobriquet by his quaint series of humorous articles in the *Plaindealer*, on which he was local editor. Brown, or Artemus, as we already began to call him, was excessively fond of practical jokes, and the fun they made among the circle of his friends will long be remembered.

One night, among the small hours, Artemus burst into our room—the door was always on the latch—rushed to the window, threw it up and, leaning out, screamed in the shrillest of feminine voice:

"Help! Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

A rush up the stair-case followed, while Artemus slipped into the nearest bed, and a half score of police dashed into the room and summoned us to account for the screams.

Artemus sleepily assured the blue-coated gentry that no born woman was secreted in our premises, and so well enacted the sleepy astonishment of awakened virtue that, after prowling in vain about the room, the guardians of the peace withdrew, and we heard them ransacking the building for quite a while seeking for the cause of the alarm.

When all was quiet Artemus explained the rumpus he had made. Some three or four printers, who worked on the *Plaindealer*, had been imbibing too freely, and Charley Brown coming up found them in the hands of the police, being conducted to the calaboose. Anxious to rescue them he conceived and executed the ruse. The piercing screams of the female in distress, and the eager hope of unearthing a tragedy, drew away the attention of the nightawks, and they let the birds in the hand loose to pursue the one in the bush.

The liberated printers made their shortest way home, while we denizens of room 21 enjoyed the joke as Artemus' last,—"Nestor," in the *Ingleside*.

THERE are more fashions in the city, but more stiles in the country.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

An Entertaining Medley Prepared Especially for the Daughters of Eve..

INCLUDING MATRONS AND FAIR MAIDS.

The New Bonnets at Church--Good-Looking Women--The Parlor Daughter and Her Mother.

What The Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;

So when 'twas fairly tied all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before,
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head,
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

A Hard World for Girls.

Martin Luther's remark to his wife respecting their daughter, "This is a hard world for girls," is not likely to be disputed. It is certain that the home is the true place for girls. But not all have any homes; and multitudes of those who have are compelled to leave them in pursuit of a livelihood. Temptation lurks on every side. To resist temptation is of course every one's duty. Nor is there any excuse for yielding to it. There is a good deal of mawkish sentiment about girls being compelled to sacrifice honor in order to keep from starving. Much of that kind of talk is false and mischievous. But at any rate it is the business of the more favored members of society, as Mr. Gladstone has said it is the duty of government, "to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible for them to do right."

Good-Looking Women.

There are some women, very successful as such, who are not at all good looking unless when animated by pleasurable excitement, says Labouchere's *Truth*. An eye which, on a sudden meeting after a long absence, beams out a joyous recognition, has more witchery in it than the visage of a Mrs. Langtry, expressing only indifference or self-consciousness, could have. The feeling that a new and pretty bonnet is as becoming as it can be often transfigures a commonplace young face. Some roses and lilies only charm in country environments. There are English girls who are paragons of loveliness as they return to Brighton after a canter on the downs, but who merely pass muster in a ball-room. Then there is the glowworm style of beauty, which only shines at night. I know a yellow-skinned, thick-lipped, pug-nosed being who has distanced some of the handsomest women of Europe and America at festive gatherings and merry little parties. But she could only achieve this feat in artificial light, which stimulates her and gives her a peculiar power of fascination. One then sees that she has the finest eyes in the world, and a set of teeth which in laughter brighten up her dark face. Skobelev's sister, who is married to the czar's cousin, is as far removed as Cleopatra or Salome from the Mary Anderson type of classic purity; but she is the incarnation of all the graces, and her physiognomy is eloquent in expressing poetry of feeling. Anne Boleyn had many plastic defects. The duchess of Burgundy, who lit up, in the old age of Louis Quatorze, the court of Versailles, and neutralized the morose influence of Mme. de Maintenon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth; yet she was proclaimed a beauty, even by the bilious and censorious St. Simon. Marguerite de Va-

lois, with whom most of the prominent Frenchmen of her day were at some time or another desperately in love, had heavy cheeks, like a monkey's, too prominent eyes, which were often congested, and a thick, hanging under-lip. She had not the vices of the ladies of her mother's court, though she passed for being as naughty as they were in her efforts to make conquests for the pleasure of showing she had power to conquer. It was this royal coquette who first resorted to the expedient of receiving company sitting up in bed, with black satin sheets to give value to the whiteness of her bust and arms. Her gallants used to say that had she been a shop-keeper's spouse, without any of those rich accoutrements which are brought into her portraits, she would have been every whit as potent. I am skeptical in this matter. If sovereigns hardly ever love their queens or women of princely rank, a king's daughter who enjoys flirtation is sure to turn the heads of all her sire's courtiers. The last Duchess de Berri would not have been allowed to so much as compete at a beauty show had she presented herself incognito. Sir Walter Scott, who was close to her at mass in the Tuileries chapel, wrote in his diary that she was very plain, and that her eyes were not fellows.

"The Parlor Daughter" and Her Mother.

A great deal of fault is found with the parlor daughter. It is said of her that she sits at the piano and sings, "What is Home Without a Mother?" while the mother in question is toiling over the fire in the basement. No doubt this is true, for the parlor daughter nearly always has a kitchen mother, a good, plain, sensible woman who says, "Young people will be young people," and takes every burden from her pretty daughter's shapely shoulders to put them on her own, already bowed down with care.

So you see it is often the mother's own fault that there is a parlor girl. She loves this daughter and wants her to enjoy life while she is young; so she does the work of a servant herself, and is happy in doing so. She loves to hear Lottie play on the piano. It seems to her that she could work all day to the accompaniment of, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," or "Sweet Violets." She has been all her life trying to learn one tune and has never accomplished it yet. And Lottie is pretty and has white hands with tapering fingers, and goes to a manicure. The parlor daughter had no trouble to educate her mother up to all those advanced ideas. She was a willing pupil. She remembers what a hard time she had when she was young, and goes to the other extreme with Lottie, who does nothing but amuse herself, and must have help to do that. She is stylish, and it pays to dress her well. She has a knack for fancy work, painting, and other accomplishments that to the mother indicate genius. She writes a lovely hand, and has plenty of correspondents. She takes books from the library, and belongs to a literary club. Her young friends do not work, why should she?

The only reason why she should work is to show that she possesses a spark of gratitude; that she has too much respect for the mother who has done so much for her to let her wear out her declining years in the routine of housework, while she plays the role of parlor ornament; that she knows in her secret soul, that labor ennobles instead of degrades, and that the key of the kitchen is a higher medal of honor than a diploma of idleness. Mother-love is something wonderful. It is more blest in giving than in receiving. But already the mother's steps are tending down that hill which she never again can climb; her hair is turning gray; her eyes are weary; she wants no unwilling drudge to help her, but a service of love. Think you, the creak, creak, of the daughter's chair, as she rocks to and fro in the parlor above, is the true rhythm for her to work by or the tinkling of the piano keys, touched by her satin-smooth fingers, a tremolo of love? Is it a good or loving heart that will read the thrilling romances of Mrs. Southworth or May Fleming with bated breath and falling tears, while a pale, tired mother is washing dishes in the kitchen? It may be the mother's fault—the fruit of a too generous, unselfish love; but if the daughter has a good heart, will she take advantage of such mistaken kindness? Will she not rather prove herself

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,"

And refuse at once and forever so anomalous position as that of Parlor Daughter in a home that must be sustained by a Kitchen Mother? No young man will ever expect to find a good wife in a young woman who is not first a good daughter.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

THE PARAGRAPHERS.

THE perpetual motion problem has cost \$50,000,000, and a small boy at church still remains the nearest approach to a solution.—*Puck*.

EIGHT bullets were recently fired into an Alabama desperado, but the only effect was to increase his weight and make him more difficult to lick in consequence.—*Lowell Citizen*.

NEW YORK School Teacher—"Which is the highest mountain in the State?" Boy—"Sing Sing." Teacher—"Why?" Boy—"Father went up a year ago and hasn't come down yet."—*Beacon*.

SHE wore a No. 5 slipper,
Was flip and couldn't be flipper;
She went down to the rink,
And what do you think?
She kicked a hole through the Great Dipper.
—*Boston Courier*.

WHEN the time comes for the final separation of the sheep from the goats, we have a bulky impression that the man who coughs in church will be sent to the goat side of the pasture.—*Chicago Ledger*.

THEY had been quarreling. "Before we were married," she sobbed, "you would go with me anywhere." "Well, what of it?" "Now I don't believe you would even go to my funeral." "Ah, wouldn't I, though?"

SOME one has discovered that Washington never prayed, in the woods at Valley Forge. Considering that the thermometer was below zero most of the time, the new theory seems plausible.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"WHAT do you think of Mr. Thompson, ma?" "He seems to be very nice; but I would not encourage him if I were you." "Why, mamma?" "He has red hair, and red-headed men are always deceitful." "But pa has red hair." "Well, not quite red, child. It's quite red enough, though."

"Ah, Mrs. Crimsonbeak," said Miss Fussenfeather, after conversing with that lady's husband at the musical one evening, "I've found your husband out at last." "That's not a difficult thing to do," replied Mrs. Crimsonbeak, indifferently. "Come round to the house any time of night and you'll always find him out."—*Exchange*.

MR. JACK CASS, who is considerable of a donkey in his way, had been particularly pert one evening. Finally he said something to Miss Sharp that was just too saucy for anything. "Why don't you box his ears?" asked one of the girls. "I would," replied Miss Sharp, "only I don't know where I can find a box big enough."—*Ex.*

A FASHION journal says that "Sealskin can be judged by stroking the fur the wrong way, by the softness and depth of the fur, and by the filaments, which should be fine." That is all very well, sister. But the first great consideration is the purchase of the sealskin, which can never be accomplished by stroking the fur the wrong way.—*Washington Hatchet*.

IN NEW YORK.

She sat alone on the cool gray stone,
And this was the burden of her moan:
"My uncle is cook on board of a sloop,
My cousin has joined a theatrical troupe,
My sister caught cold with her beau on the stoop,
And the little one died of malignant croup;
My lover dear
Lies under hear,
And I sit alone and think and think,
For I can't go alone to the skating rink."
—*The Judge*.

"DOES your mother ever speak of me, darling?" "Oh, yes; every morning." "I'm so glad." "She says she hopes we'll be married very soon." "That's pleasant. If she likes me so much we'll be very happy, won't we?" "Oh, ma thinks we ought to get married at once." "She is anxious to have me for a son-in-law, isn't she?" "No, it isn't that; but she says your back hair has thinned every tidly in the parlor."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

"I SUPPOSE you heard about Simpson's wife having the lock-jaw?" "No; when was she buried?" "She wasn't buried." "Why not?" "She got well." "Oh, get out! Tell that to people on tug-boats." "It's a fact; Dr. Blister told me so himself." "Then I must say it's the most remarkable case I ever heard of." "On account of her getting well?" "No, not especially; but I didn't suppose anything but death could ever stop the jaw of a woman."—*Chicago Ledger*.

MRS. OLDNAME, who has a great love for those whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower—"Ah, Mrs. Sawyer, how's your boy Charlie getting along?" Mrs. S.—"Oh, very nicely, thank you; he is in business in Boston, you know." Mrs. O.—"No, is he? Suppose he's married, of course?" Mrs. S.—"No, not yet." Mrs. O.—"Well, he's got a sweetheart, hasn't he?" Mrs. S.—"O, yes, indeed; her name is Legion." Mrs. O.—"Legion, hey? Legion; let's see, I don't believe I remember the name, but it sounds as though it might be an old family. Well, well, Charlie going to marry Miss Legion. What did you say her first name was?"

HOURS of idleness—sparking days.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

A Successful Newspaper Man With Many Irons in the Fire.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes from Toledo concerning "Petroleum V. Nasby": Five or six years ago Nasby was not esteemed more than any other ordinary good citizen of Toledo. Now his name is in everybody's mouth. The whole town is talking of what he is doing and has done for the city. A knowledgeable person will tell you in the first half hour of his acquaintance about the buildings Nasby is putting up over the entire city; how many tons of type it takes just to address the wrappers for his weekly; how he charges \$2 per line, agate type, for advertising; and how transfer wagons back up and take loads of his weekly to the Postoffice.

In the past eighteen months Locke has invested nearly \$350,000 in building. The new Blade office, with its tower, cost him \$100,000. It is six stories high, and half the structure is occupied by the largest wholesale grocery in Ohio and the best arranged establishment of the kind in the world. It has three elevators, and occupies six floors with heavy goods, its business per year running up into the millions. The head of the firm gave Nasby the plans, and he put up the building and rented it to them. All over the town new structures are going up or have just been completed, and in nearly every instance your escort, proud of his native city, will say: "That's Locke's building; so is that one over there, and he intends to build soon on the other corner."

Recently he put up for himself a fine residence, the ground and buildings costing him \$30,000. Just now he is the life of Toledo. * * * While the reporter was engaged in conversation with him Mr. Locke signed a contract with a builder for the erection of a spice-mill at a cost of \$30,000, \$10,000 to be paid when the first story was completed, \$10,000 at the second story, and \$10,000 when completed. As he handed the paper over to the builder he remarked: "There, now, I am your bounden slave for \$30,000. Rush that through."

Said Mr. Locke, turning to the Enquirer: "I have a great deal of faith in the city of Toledo, and I am building a good deal. I claim I will live to see 250,000 people on the ground. When I came here the population was 13,000, now it is 80,000. The city has a boom because it is turning its attention to manufacturing, where before it was simply a mercantile city. Any manufacturer who wants a building can come to me and I will put it up for him. I give him long leases and cheap rent. That's the best way to draw interest on my money. I won't let a piece of ground lie idle. Fast as I buy I build." * * * A Toledo journalist, speaking of Locke, says:

"He is a wonderfully shrewd newspaper man. First he harped away on the G. A. R., and got all the old soldiers to take his paper. Then he boomed the Irish, and got all the Irishmen to take it. Now he is working prohibition, and has struck a fat take. His income is not less than \$125,000 a year. He is in everything. He is main guy in a lithographing establishment, in a printing and paper company, in a wagon-wheel manufactory, and recently he has built a sewing-machine factory for a company. He has just finished a block of residence for renting purposes, and his new buildings deck the entire town. If there's anything in the future of Toledo he will get it."

WHAT THE NEWSPAPER DOES.

Rev. John Rhey Thompson, of New York: The crowning marvel of our modern civilization is the printing press. It is impossible to overestimate its vast power. It propagates and diffuses information. It gives wings to knowledge, so that on a breath of morning it flies everywhere to bless and elevate. I stand in growing wonder in the presence of the printing press. It lays its hands upon the telegraph and speedily gathers news from all parts of the world, and acute editors and ubiquitous reporters and rapid compositors and flying steam presses commit to paper a faithful photograph of what is going on in the world. And yonder stands the iron horse, with breath of flame and ribs of steel, ready to go to remote portions of the country, dropping packages of the daily papers on the way. Yes, it is a mighty engine for good and a mighty engine, too, for evil. Like all the blessings of this trial-life of ours, it is not an unmixt blessing.

THE family next door is, as a rule, inquisitive and common.

"Crossest Man in Alabama."

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a wayside home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, found fault with everything earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't hit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form; its tail should have been fan shaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half-offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lightly from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear-complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit, and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife; "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked, in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband," said my friend when leaving handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and two other bottles, and now—"And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growing old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.

A CRYING ELEPHANT.

Here is a curious story of a crying elephant told by the keeper of a museum and menagerie. He says:

"You wouldn't think a great, big, clumsy creature like an elephant could manifest emotional weakness, but he can, and, what is more, he often does. There was Columbus. Years ago, when I was connected with the Philadelphia Museum, he went stark crazy. He tore around like mad, and smashed everything as though he were tusseling with so much paper. Before he could kill anybody the building was cleared of the people and the doors locked. For three days he held high carnival in there, spending his fury on the cages and animals. At last we trapped him in ropes and chains suspended through the skylights. The chaining process brought him to his senses at once, and what was our surprise to see him go into something like an hysterical fit! He moaned piteously, as a person will frequently when suffering great mental torture, the noise occasionally swelling into a roar. His huge ears flapped to and fro rapidly, and for two hours and more a perfect stream of tears poured from his eyes. These manifestations even continued after he was released from the irons, showing they came from sorrow, and not anger. Columbus was a more than ordinarily intelligent elephant, and seemed to realize the brutal havoc he had spread during his temporary insanity. Here is another singular thing—Cingalese elephants always weep in captivity. No, Columbus wasn't a Cingalese. Another time he accidentally knocked a small boy down, who got too near while he was sweeping his trunk around for confections. He pretty near scared the urchin to death by picking him up and putting him on his feet. I rushed at him with the hook, but there was no necessity for a reprimand. The tears were running from his eyes, and he absolutely appeared to be penitent. The boy had been feeding him sweetmeats. Elephants will always cry when mortified or disappointed."

Brought Home in a Wagon.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Mr. J. Helmus, Vice President of the City Brewery, was brought home in a wagon, carried up stairs by two of his men and laid on the bed. He was suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism contracted in the ice vaults of the brewery. He refused to have a doctor, but dispatched a servant for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, with the result that in one week he was entirely cured and able to return to his desk.

GREAT SALES OF BIRDS.

"You have no idea what a great business is done in birds in this city," said a downtown dealer. "It is safe to say that not less than 60,000 canaries are sold here every year. In addition to the canaries there are annually sold 3,000 parrots, 1,000 mocking-birds, 1,200 to 1,500 cardinals, 3,000 to 4,000 goldfinches, besides linnets, skylarks, birds of paradise, of which 500 a year are sold, grobiols, nonpareils, and the long list of common American birds, such as robins, yellow-birds, red-winged blackbirds, brown thrashers, cat-birds, etc. The canaries alone sell for \$100,000 at least, while the trade in other birds brings the gross sales to \$250,000. I think that is a fair estimate of the business done by regular breeders and importers. It does not include what may be called the family traffic, or the sales made by housewives, who mate their birds because they like to rear the young, rather than with any idea of making money."—New York Sun.

Pile Tumors,

however large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, caustic, powder or ointment. Consultation free. Write for pamphlet and references, inclosing two letter stamps for reply. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A boy in Pittsfield, Mass., swallowed the bulb of a thermometer. He now has a mercurial temperament.

Every Meal Is a Trial

To the dyspeptic, flatulence, heartburn, oppressive fullness of the stomach, are the inevitable sequences of his use of the knife and fork. To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of appetite would be a genuine satire. He only appeases them. Is relief attainable? Certainly, and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Will it cure immediately? Certainly not—it does not effect miracles. But it does give prompt and unspeakable relief, and will, if persisted in, produce an ultimate cure. Not on y does it impart relish to the food, but promotes its conversion by the stomach into rich, health and strength-sustaining blood. Super-sensitiveness of the nerves, mental depression, and unquiet slumber, produced by interruption of the digestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is the finest preventive and curative of malarial disorders, and relieves constipation, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments and liver complaint.

HOW TO KEEP CIGARS FRESH.

Ex-Congressman Paige, of Ohio, is a great smoker, and he uses the best brand of cigars. He has an especially good way of keeping his cigars, which he usually buys by the box. He has a close tin box about the size of a cigar-box, with a close-fitting lid. When he gets a box of cigars he puts them into this, and then lays a piece of soft paper over the top of them. He next wets another piece of blotting paper, lets the water drip off of it, and lays this on the top of the other. He then closes the lid and puts the box in the cellar. When he wants to use them he takes off the top layer and gets at those beneath. This keeps the cigars always moist and fresh, and Paige has never yet offered a friend a dry or poor cigar. He learned the scheme, he says, from one of the most noted cigar-makers of New York—a man who has made a million out of tobacco, and is thoroughly posted on it.—Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Years Teach More than Books.

Among other valuable lessons imparted by this teacher, is the fact that, for a very long time, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has been the prince of liver correctives and blood purifiers, being the household physician of the poor man, and the able consulting physician to the rich patient, and praised by all for its magnificent service and efficacy in all diseases of a chronic nature, as malarial poisoning, ailments of the respiratory and digestive systems, liver disease, and in all cases where the use of an alterative remedy is indicated.

Why find fault with the Boston girl there are specs on the sun.

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THERE is a man in Hunter's Point so crippled up with rheumatism that he is tallest when he lies down.—Brooklyn Times.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan, Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cabs, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

How to make a horse fast: Don't feed him.

"Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class. HOYT & GATES, Proprietors.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., of New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

THE FRAZER AXLE GREASE is the very best. A trial will prove we are right.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK
COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opium, Emetics and Potions.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pain in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

LIFE OF GRANT. Fastest selling book published. Agents wanted. A. E. DAVIS & CO., 162 Washington St., Chicago.

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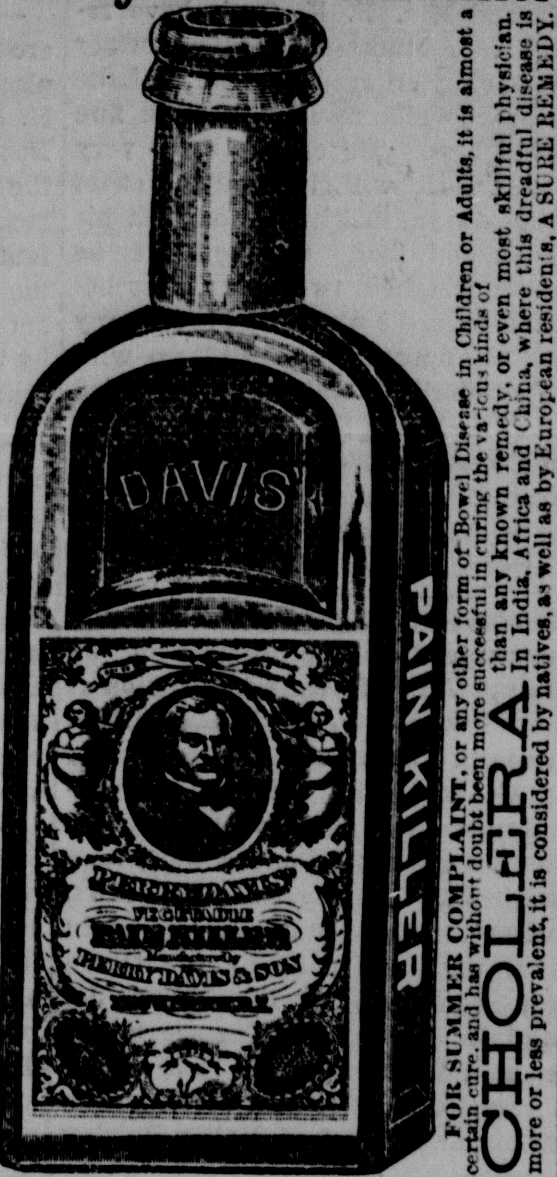
OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PATENTS Hand-Book FREE. A. A. P. LACEY, Patent Att'y, Washington, D. C.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

\$50 REWARD will be paid for any Grain Fan of same size that can clean and bag as much Grain or Seed in one day as our Patent MONARCH Grain and Seed Separator and Bagger or our Improved Warehouse Mill with Equalizer will clean and bag. Circulars and Price List mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., Newark, Ohio.

DO NOT FORGET Perry Davis' Pain Killer



Price, 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00 per Bottle. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

Necessitating a Surgical Operation—Loving Mother Attempts to Take Pair of Shears from Her Child. PARENTS, BE CAREFUL.

Domestic accidents are common to women, and some of them are very serious. Mrs. Warner, of South Rondout, Ulster Co., N. Y., some weeks ago attempted to take from her child a pair of shears with which it was playing. A slight struggle ensued, in which the point of the shears entered Mrs. Warner's left eye, entirely destroying the sight. Her family physician did what he could, but intensely painful inflammation arose, which, by sympathy, threatened the loss of the other eye. Total blindness to a woman having the care of a household is an irretrievable calamity. In this strait Mrs. W.—applied to the well-known and skillful Surgeon, Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who removed the injured eye by a very successful operation, setting aside all danger of further harm to the sight of the other eye. But owing to pain and mental distress her system needed a tonic and restorative medicine. To do this work the Doctor prescribed "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," which sustained its reputation and laid a sure foundation of health.

Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" removes all impurities from the blood, regulates the Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. It is for sale by all our druggists at ONE DOLLAR a bottle.

FOR SICK HEADACHE TAKE HOPS & MALT BITTERS, FOR SOUR STOMACH

If you wish to be relieved of those terrible Sick Headaches and that miserable Sour Stomach. It will, when taken according to directions, cure any case of Sick Headache or Sour Stomach. It cleans the lining of stomach and bowels, promotes healthy action and sweet secretions. It makes pure blood and gives it free flow, thus sending nutriment to every part. It is the safest, speediest and surest Vegetable Remedy ever invented for all diseases of the stomach and liver.

J. M. Moore, of Farmington Mich., says: My suffering from Sick Headache and Sour Stomach was terrible. One bottle of Hops and Malt Bitters cured me.

Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. For sale by all druggists.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

\$165 CASH FOR 30 DAYS ONLY! Will buy a New Upright or Square PIANO! Boxed and on cars. Stool and cover \$6 extra. REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC, 136 State St., Chicago.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M.D., Ansonia, Kane Co., Ill.

AVOID COUNTERFEITS! Send us 25 cents and we will send you by return mail a box of the genuine Dr. C. C. Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills and eight handsome cards. Over fifty million boxes have been used by the people of the U. S. What better certificate could they have? FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Fresh Fruit
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Paints & OILS
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New Dress Goods
Toilet Soaps
Fresh Halibut
Every Merchant Wants One.
AGENTS WANTED. Send for circulars and prices.
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IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD
Superior Nutrition The Life!
An Incomparable Aliment for the Growth and protection of Infants and Children, a Reliable Remedial Agent in all Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines.
A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVERS.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
JOHN CARL & SONS, NEW YORK.

FREE HOW TO RAISE WHEAT. How to Prevent Winter Killing. Write for free pamphlet. Address THE SEED DRILL, REGULATOR CO., LEMONT, CENTRE CO., PA.

UPIUM MORPHINE and CHLORAL. HABITS EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. Dr. J. C. Hoffman, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

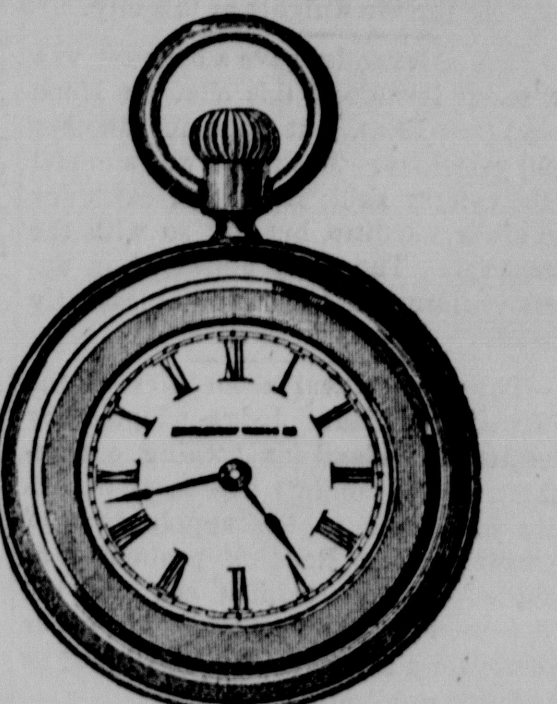
THE MAN WHO MAKES 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tires, Iron and Brass Bells, for \$60 and JONES he pays the freight—for free. Jones Ltd mentions this paper, and address JONES OF BIRMINGHAM, Birmingham, N. Y.

The OLDEST MEDICINE in the WORLD is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. John L. Thompson, Sons & Co., TROY, N. Y.

\$3.50

For an ELEGANT WATCH and the Best

HUMOROUS and STORY
Paper in the Country One Year.



To any one who remits us \$3.50 by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, or bank draft, we will send by registered mail an elegant Waterbury stem-winding watch with nickel-plated chain and charm, and will mail to his address every week for one year The Chicago Ledger FREE. These watches are first-class time-keepers, seldom get out of order, and are substantially and handsomely made.

The Chicago Ledger is now in its thirteenth year and is the best story and humorous paper in the country. Each issue contains at least a page of original humorous articles, from the pen of one of the most successful writers of the present day, which feature alone is worth more than the price charged for the watch above described.

If you wish to see a really handsome and decidedly interesting paper, send a 2-cent stamp for a sample copy. You cannot fail to be pleased with the investment. Write the name, town, county and State plainly, and address your letter to The Chicago Ledger, 271 Franklin street, Chicago, Ill.

C. N. U. No. 30-85

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

PARASOLS

FANS,

WHITE DRESS GOODS

GLOVES

AT ONE HALF PRICE

THIS WEEK, AT

S. G. AUSTIN AND CO'S!

—Captain John Dysart was in Chicago yesterday.

—Prof. Bartholomew, of Carthage College, is in the city.

—John H. Geer of the Liberty Bank, Liberty, Neb., is in town.

—Miss Eva Swigart gave a lawn party at her home last evening.

—J. H. Taylor, of Iowa, brother of mine host Taylor, is a guest at the Nachusa.

—G. W. Warner, of Freeport, brother of A. C. Warner, of this city, was here on his way to Nebraska.

—John Heckman, living east of town, was overcome by the heat on Thursday, but has fully recovered from its effect.

—Miss Minnie Bestor, sister of Rev. O. P. Bester, formerly of the Baptist Church here, is visiting friends in Dixon.

—C. A. Todd and Bert Howland attended a very extensive moonlight party at the home of W. P. Utley, in Sterling, last evening.

—By our dispatches it will be seen that Grant's funeral will take place on Saturday, August 8th, in New York, when the remains will be buried in Central Park.

—Prof. Frank Edwards, of Amboy schools is attending the college instead of the institute as was stated yesterday. He is pursuing the sciences under Prof. Scott.

—Miss Anna O. Brandon, a former resident of Dixon, was married to W. A. Schamp at Milford, Nebraska, yesterday. The couple have the best wishes of the brides' many warm friends of Dixon.

—Mrs. Grace Johnson entertained her friends, the Misses Taylor, of Chicago, by a little picnic at White Rock, yesterday, the young people of this city making up the company. The evening was also pleasantly passed at the lady's residence.

—George Laing, Jas. A. Hawley and Wm. N. Johnson returned from the west early this morning. They had been over on the Mississippi river for the purpose of making arrangements for a steam boat excursion to St. Paul, an affair contemplated by the Sir Knights of this city.

—P. M. Alexander gave a banquet to a few select friends of this city, on Hope Island (not Elias, but hope for another such) yesterday. The menu was a model of the caterer skill; frogs legs, extra dry and apple pie ditto, but not so with the company. The party appeared in undress uniform and the day was pleasantly passed.

—The hypocritical absurdities of the "offensive partizan" dodge adopted by President Cleveland for turning out Republican office holders has been beautifully illustrated in the appointment of Andrew Jackson Reddick postmaster at LaSalle. Editor Reddick can have the satisfaction of knowing that his paper will not for a few years be suppressed as an obscene publication.

—Leonard Andruss is preparing for a camp on an island about three miles below Castle Rock in Rock River. The island is a beautiful spot for such a resort, being elegantly situated and well covered with fine shade trees and beautiful grassy plats. He has cleared away the underbrush on the south end of the island and erected a cottage and kitchen, and with his stoves and old-fashioned fire place he is prepared for any sort of weather. Mrs. Andruss and a few friends in a few days, will retire to this secluded spot, to remain during the coming hot weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Orvis have returned from Minnesota. The former reports having enjoyed angling in Lake Minnetonka, which resulted in some fine catches of bass. He caught some very large ones. He will give you the exact weight of several that he landed with his little hook and line. One bass that he brought in weighed, two hours after being taken from the water, and before any one had an opportunity to fill it up with gravel, as Mark Twain's frog was filled with shot, several pounds. THE TELEGRAPH always prefers not to be exact in its accounts of catches of fish when reported by other parties, for fear of making some error in the weight.

—Commodore E. C. Parsons returned this morning from the Regatta of the Mississippi Valley Rowing Association at Moline. It was a very pleasant affair. The Regatta was largely attended. St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, Chicago, Davenport, Moline, New Orleans Minneapolis, and many other cities of the west, were represented at the Regatta with crews. We believe, in this connection, we might say that the time made by the Dixon Juniors, composed of Ed. Morse, Jo. Reuland, Ed. Howell and Eustace Shaw, made at a Moline Regatta has never been excelled. It is the best time on record of the Mississippi Valley Rowing Association.

—Sweet music was heard last night at a distance by the writer, and as distance did not "lend enchantment" to the dulcet sounds we hastened to draw nearer to the singers but signally failed. The carriage containing the fair quartette had "moved on" ere we approached very near. Such of the singing as we could hear was very fine. It appeared to us, a judge of good singing, that "the night was filled with music," and the "cares that infest the day" must have been quite forgotten for the nonce by the happy listeners. The only criticism we can now offer on the serenade was its brevity and distance from the writer. Messdames Johnson, Worthington, Dement and Paine, so we understand, comprised the carriage party.

—The Sunday School excursion and picnic from Mendota was post-poned, as we have heretofore announced, until Thursday next. The post-ponement was made necessary on account of the severe and pretracted rain storm at that place on the morning set for the last picnic to this city. One of the Sunday School managers at Mendota, in a letter to T. J. Miller, of this city, closes with the following remarks:

We have decided to have our excursion and picnic next Thursday, July 30th; and we hope to have crowded cars, if it does not rain. If the Dixon schools can arrange to meet us it will be a great pleasure to us."

—The prospect now is that the camp-meeting which is to be held at Franklin Grove, at the grounds of the M. E. Church, will be one of the most successful affairs of the sort ever held there. The TELEGRAPH judges by the notices of the coming event found in its exchanges.

The camp-meeting will have a sort of preliminary opening August fifteenth, when a Gospel Temperance Meeting will be held to continue several days, or until the regular District camp-meeting commences on the nineteenth. On the second day, the twentieth of August, Bishop Thomas Bowman, D. D., will be present and preach. On the Sabbath following, on the twenty-third, Bishop S. M. Merrill, D. D., will preach. These occasions will doubtless attract a large concourse of people to the camp-grounds. The parties having charge of the grounds have for some time been placing them in fine order. A chapel has been erected recently and named in honor of our former citizen Rev. Luke Hitchcock; and Mr. H. Street, of Dixon, has completed a cottage. A number of citizens of Dixon have cottages upon the grounds.

—M. Rosenthal, the secretary of the citizens' meeting, which was held at the Court house for the purpose of preparing for the funeral services of General Grant, furnished a full report of the proceedings but a portion was omitted in our haste; among which were the various committees.

Following is the list of committees appointed:

General Committee.—R. S. Rarrand, James A. Hawley, C. W. Dey, O. B. Dodge, S. H. Bethea.

Finance.—John Dysart, C. H. Noble, Albert Johnson, C. H. Gardner.

Resolutions.—John D. Crabtree, A. C. Bardwell, A. K. Trusdell, D. D. O'Brien, W. D. Barge.

Decorations.—Col. H. T. Noble, Ira W. Lewis, G. G. Messer, E. C. Parsons, E. W. Smith.

Music.—Elias Bovey, Nelson Swarthout, J. J. Harden, A. J. Brubaker, Walter Hamilton.

Seats.—B. F. Stewart, Thomas Gaffney, H. W. Eaton.

Printing.—B. F. Shaw, C. B. Morrison.

—Members of the Dixon M. E. Church are preparing to drape in mourning the place of worship for to-morrow's services. H. Street returned this afternoon from Nachusa with the flag that was carried in the battle of Shiloh as the regimental banner of the Thirty-Fourth Illinois Infantry, which will be used in decorating the church. The flag is battle scared and cut up with bullets. The flag was made by the ladies of Franklin Grove and presented to Company C. of that 34th.

—The lawn party given Thursday evening by J. T. and H. A. Harden in honor of Misses Ida and Eva Southwell and Carrie Wesner, of Burlington, Iowa, was strictly an indoor affair, owing to the very inclement condition of the weather. Notwithstanding the unfavorable out-look about thirty of the invited assembled, and, with Smith's Opera Orchestra, which furnished delightful music, a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

Since placing the above in type we learn that Messrs. Harden last evening repeated the lawn socable with better success. They were favored with a delightful evening and a hearty response to all invitations. Smith's orchestra was present and discoursed very fine music. Tables were spread to accommodate about sixty, and it was in all a merry party. The young ladies from Burlington are more than pleased with the hospitality of Dixon's young people.

Mayor's Proclamation

To the citizens of Dixon:

At a meeting of our people held at the Court house on July 23d, I was instructed to request our citizens to suitably drape their places of business, and residences, that we may show our respect for the memory of General Grant. It is a just tribute to the memory of a great man who gave years of his active life to a government he loved. Let each citizen contribute something and adorn their buildings with drapery. It is further requested that the business houses be closed on the day of the funeral from two to five o'clock in the afternoon.

RICHARD S. FARRAND,
Mayor.

Church Announcements.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The morning services will have reference to the death of General Grant. Rev. E. C. Sickels officiating.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist Church the morning service subject will be "The Presage of Victory," the evening, "After Death, Salvation," from a Bible standpoint. All are invited.

M. E. CHURCH.

At the M. E. Church to-morrow morning, sermon and service will be in memory of General Grant. Everybody is invited. In the evening the pastor will preach on "Courage."

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The Lords Supper will be celebrated to-morrow at the Lutheran Church at the regular hour for morning worship. This will be the last public service the Rev. L. L. Lipe will conduct as pastor of the church. "Consider the Lilies," by Topliff, will be sung by Miss Mary Bossemeyer, "Hear my Prayer," by Miss Alice Fritz, and "O Rest in the Lord," by Miss Anna Rueff, the two latter selections from mendelsohn.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Pastor will preach in the morning upon "The Key of Knowledge," or a word to public school Teachers. Members of the Institute invited. Evening subject, General Grant, a study for young men. A cordial welcome extended.

Removal.

I have moved my tin shop to the Baker building near the bridge, and am prepared to do all kinds of tin, copper and sheet-iron work on short notice. Give me a call.
C. F. ANDRES.

The O'Hair Patent Stone Walk.

Persons desiring these popular walks put in should leave their orders before October 1st. We are prepared to put them in on short notice in a workman-like manner. The walks put in, and which have been in use here a number of years, are still perfect, and to these people can refer. Leave orders with Mr. Jordan.

JORDAN & KELLY.

If you want pure cold water free from poison, and all animal life, so detrimental to health, get one of Emmert's Portable Wells. All orders promptly filled.
Address E. EMMERT.

Emmert's Two-wheeled Easy Riding Carriage, for lightness, durability, and elegance of style, has no equal. The carriage has no whiplette, but instead, friction rollers, that give and take; doing away with all side motion; causing the wheels to run in a straight forward direction. All orders promptly filled.
Address E. EMMERT.

Have your lawn mower repaired and sharpened at ATKINS & BENNETT'S. Wind mill and pump shop. Water's old stand

WAYNE H. PARKS & CO'S

New Dry Goods Store

CORNER MAIN AND HENNEPIN STS.,

WILL BE OPEN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC AUGUST 1,

Reminiscence of a Charivari in Early Days.

Editor of DIXON TELEGRAPH.

As the charivari, or cheveree, is the topic of the day, an account of a cheveree at Elkhorn Grove, about forty-five years ago, may possess interest for your readers. The shot gun was not used on the occasion, neither did the party lose temper; but certainly displayed tact, and the crowd got no whisky nor wedding cake. One day I interviewed Mr. Joseph Wilson, a quaker in Elkhorn Grove, and proprietor of the mill. He accosted me about as follows: "Well, Thomas, thee has been getting married and they chevereed thee?" Yes sir, I replied, they chevereed us. "What did they do to thee, and did thee get mad?" said he. "Yes sir they assaulted the fort and nearly carried it, one of the crowd, proceeded to take the panes of glass out of the window, others nearly gained forcible entry into our bed room, and others, I believe, suggested putting a board on the chimney top for smoking us out. I got mad, but soon got rid of them." said I. "Well, said Mr. Wilson, I must tell thee, Thomas, of a cheveree that took place here one night in the Grove, when our neighbor D, was married. He is a methodist, about forty-five, and his wife about thirty. The crowd made a great noise in front of the house, Mr. D came to the door, and when the noise stopped, he said in his mildest tones, "Good evening, gentlemen, good evening. What can I do for you, gentlemen?" Then they all roared out, "we want something to drink." "D, thereupon proceeded with a pitcher and glass to the pump, said Mr. Wilson, and passed a glass of water to each one of the crowd, and they did look foolish as they drank it." Then they called out, "We want to see the bride." "Oh well, certainly gentlemen, said D," "walk in and you shall see the bride." When they were all seated around the room his wife came in and her husband remarked to her, "These gentlemen, our neighbors, and friends, have called to pay us their respect. He entertained them in conversation for some time, at length adjusting his spectacles, and looking very suspiciously at the clock, proceeded to open a big family bible, remarking as he did so, "well, gentlemen, as it is now 9 o'clock and the hour for family worship is with us, perhaps gentlemen you would like to join us in prayer?" and thereupon after reading a chapter he had all these fellows on their knees during the prayer, and as they arose he remarked, well gentlemen we thank you very much for the very pleasant visit this evening, and as it now our hour for bed time we will wish you all a very good evening gentlemen." "Tell thee, Thomas," said Mr. Wilson, these fellows walked out feeling too much ashamed to look each other in the face, and looking like whipped curs, and when the neighbors heard of this cheveree party they were a sick lot of fellows, Thomas, I tell thee for a long time.

T. S. H.

College Senate.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.

WHEREAS, in His infinite wisdom, it has pleased the Great Ruler of the universe to remove from our midst our honored citizen, U. S. Grant,

Resolved, That in the death of General Grant the people of this nation have lost a pure, energetic, able and upright man of high culture, a patriotic citizen, courageous in the discharge of the duties of official life in accordance with his convictions of right and duty.

Resolved, That submitting to the wise dispensation of Divine Providence we tender to the bereaved wife and family our warmest sympathies in this time of affliction, and mingle our sorrow with numerous friends of the illustrious dead.

Resolved, That the secretary furnish copies of the above resolutions to the city press and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Respectfully submitted and unanimously adopted.

JAMES O'MARA,
J. H. O'BRIEN,
N. C. PHELPS,
Senate Committee.

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

D. M. Luker, at the Nachusa House barber shop and bath rooms is always on hand and ready to serve customers,

Any one wishing to place a child or children with a trusty person for the summer, or to take charge of an elderly lady can do so by applying to Mrs. K. W., Box 822, Dixon.

Persons desirous of obtaining the purest of wines and liquors for medical purposes, can not do better than call at the Key-Stone House Sample-rooms.
GARJNER & HALEY, Prop. 710yl

Sunday Times.

James C. Mead, receives the Sunday Times at 6 o'clock every Sunday morning. He will keep his store open until eleven o'clock a. m., to accommodate all who wish the paper. He will also take subscriptions and deliver them on this side of the river. Please call early and leave your name for the boys will only call on regular subscribers.

6t482

J. C. MEAD

WANTED.

TWO DINING ROOM GIRLS at the Nachusa House, immediately. Good wages.

GIRL TO DO HOUSE WORK. Enquire at the store of W. P. HOBART 67d

FOR SALE.

SECOND HAND COOK STOVE. In good order; will be sold cheap. E. A. BODWELL. d440t

UPHOLSTERY on north side. Enquire of A. C. BARDWELL. je 20w4

AN ELEGANT UPRIGHT PIANO for sale; but little used, price \$350. Can be seen at Lawyer Trusdell's or apply to room H Keystone House. 485t5

FOR SALE. A two seated easy riding carriage, \$45. 487t

E. EMMERT.

FOR RENT.

GOOD ROOMS on second floor; rent reasonable. Enquire at EVENING TELEGRAPH office. d504t1

ROOMS TO RENT. At from \$1 to \$3 per month. Apply at the Star Restaurant, opposite the Post Office. d453t1

PHIL. BRAUTIGAM.

LOST

RED STRIPED SHAWL lost on Friday evening last, between the I. C. depot and Oakwood Cemetery. Return to John Benjamin and receive reward. 482t6

INSURANCE.

LEADING COMPANIES.

Fire and Accident

J. V. THOMAS

Opera Block, Dixon.

CLARK & ANDERSON,

ORNAMENTAL.

HOUSE SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING

Office over Rosenthal's clothing Dixon, Ills. 184 0t

NEW FIRM

(OF)

SPECHT & HALEY

Have the most complete stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

In the City, will be sold at

Hard-Pan Prices

FOR CASH.